

# OUR TRIP TO EUROPE



IRENE SIMMONDS



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BY

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## FOREWORD

The author has given, in this book, a delightful account of personal experiences, in a day by day diary of travel through countries that will, alas, never again be seen in their old-time quiet setting. "Our Trip to Europe" is one of the many books that will be of increasing interest as time passes, on account of its description of places and peoples wholly changed by the ravages of the present war. It is only in such books of travel, written before the terrible destruction of the past three years, that will be preserved to the future a record of the quaint and distinctive charm of many old-world towns.



## “OUR TRIP TO EUROPE”

### IRELAND

June 9th, 1909. My husband and I drove to the Dartmouth train and although it was very early in the morning, it did not prevent a large number of friends being there to see us off.

We went to Boston by way of Yarmouth and sailed from East Boston in the steamer Saxonia of the Cunard line for Queenstown, Ireland. We had a very fine stateroom, with a large closet for our clothes, a table, large sofa, two large windows, and very nice beds. The dining room was spacious, reaching from side to side of the ship.

The tables were elegant with glass, silver, and costly flowers, such as roses, carnations, orchids, etc. The weather was beautifully fine and warm. June 20th we attended Divine Service at half past ten on the main deck, which was beautifully decorated with flags.

The text was: “I go to prepare a place for you,” and was listened to with close attention. The first hymn was: “All people that on earth do dwell,” second, “The Church’s one foundation.”

June 23. We landed at Queenstown, ten

o'clock in the evening, put up at the Queen Hotel. After breakfast next morning we drove around the town in an Irish jaunting car, a two wheeled vehicle with the seats side ways, back to back; they are delightful to drive in. The town is built on a steep hill, and the streets are terraced; some of the streets have a high wall on either side. The walls were covered with lovely soft ivy. There were some beautiful hedges, one in particular was of lovely Fuchsia. I have seen hedges of many kinds of flowers but I think that one was the finest of all. We went in some of the shops and bought some curios. Then we went to the esplanade and sat for a while under the lovely shade trees, and soon it was time to take the train for Cork. About an hour by train, and we arrived in that city, and went to the Imperial Hotel, a very fine one, and right in the heart of the city. This city, like Queens-town, is built on the side of a range of hills, and the situation is exceedingly beautiful.

In the afternoon we hired a jaunting car and drove to Blarney Castle, a distance of eight or nine miles — such a lovely drive through the most beautiful country I had ever seen; no unsightly fences, just walls, built so evenly and of splendid masonry work. These walls were around all the farms, and on both sides of the road, as far as the eye could see. Some of the walls

looked like hedges they were so covered with ivy. We saw some trees which our driver called flowering willow, they were rather large trees, and were covered with long tassel-like flowers of a bright yellow color, which could be seen quite a distance and are a fine sight.

All along the road sides there are thousands of little pink and white daisies, which we would love to have in our gardens. Fox glove and heliotrope grow anywhere by the road side. When we arrived at the Castle there was quite a number of visitors, so we all went up in the tower, one hundred and twenty steps to the top. Blarney Castle was built in the 15th century by Cormac McCarthy. It was besieged and taken by the forces of Cromwell. Very little more than the tower remains now; a stone in the Castle wall near the top, has long been endowed by tradition with the power of conferring on those who kiss it, a sweet persuasive eloquence, irresistible. It is built in a dangerous part of the battlement and only the most daring can reach it.

As we returned to our hotel we stopped at the Church of St. Ann's, and hunting up the caretaker for a fee, we heard the beautiful bells of Shandon play some lovely hymn tunes, and ending with "Home, Sweet Home," which made me think of those we

left at home. St. Ann's was built in 1722, so it is a very old church.

Friday 25th. We came to Killarney and put up at the Lake Hotel, on the shore of the upper lake. We passed many little thatched cottages on our way; they were very small, seemed to have only one room, perhaps two. We passed by some peat bogs, where men were cutting peat in shape of bricks. They stack them up for two or three weeks to dry, then with a donkey and cart they take them to market and sell them for a penny a dozen, not much money for so much work.

June 26th. We have met a great many English and American tourists at the Hotel. Last week there was a very sad accident on the lake. Near our hotel a boat upset and nine people were drowned, only two or three bodies were recovered, the others were never seen again.

This morning we hired a boat and two men to row us over the lakes. We left the hotel at nine o'clock, and went across the upper lake to Queen's Cottage on Dinish Island. We went ashore for a while: it was a beautiful place, the cottage being a very pretty one. It was built for Queen Victoria to lodge in when she visited the Killarney lakes. It was covered with climbing roses of many hues and would have delighted the heart of flower lovers. The lawn around

the house was just lovely with beds of bright flowers, and such beautiful trees, with their long branches touching the ground, and all through the grass we could see the shamrock growing, which is so dear to the Irish heart. In the cottage an Irish lady had some pretty trinkets for sale, most of them made of bog oak. We bought some of them and some post cards.

After walking around the grounds we went to our boat, which the boatmen had taken a short distance down the stream, which runs from the upper lake to the middle lake. The waters from the upper lake flow through a narrow channel here and meet the waters of the middle and lower lakes. This is called, the meeting of the waters, made famous by the Irish poet Moore.

The middle lake is very serpentine and in some places very narrow, indeed. The oars of the boat reached nearly from side to side, part of the way. The day was very fine and the water smooth as glass, the mountains along the sides of the lake were grand, and seemed to nearly reach the sky, and were reflected with all their beautiful colors in the water. We saw some pretty red deer feeding in a meadow quite near the shore. They did not seem the least afraid of us, just gave us a passing glance and went on feeding.

The boatmen showed us a large rock on either side of the boat in a narrow place, where two giants — a man and his wife — jumped across, from one side to the other, and left the print of their feet in the rock. The marks looked as if the rock had been soft when they jumped across, and they sank down quite a way too. I couldn't help saying that I thought some cunning hand had chiseled them out, but the men laughingly declared that they would lose their job if they told lies; but it seems to be part of their training to fib, if by so doing they amuse visitors. After rowing for five miles, they landed us in a lovely spot to have lunch, which they had brought from the Hotel, and which tasted good after our long row in the fresh air. We did not return by the boat but came back over the mountains. Near where we landed there was a pretty little cottage, where they sold pretty trifles. After buying some we began our journey back, which was fifteen miles. They say an Irish mile is a mile and a bit, which I quite believed before I got back to the hotel. The first five miles we had to ride on horse back, as the road was quite narrow and rough. At first we had to go up the steep side of a mountain and down the other side just as steep. I thought that I must slip off over the horse's tail, and next that I would certainly go over his head, but after leaning



first forward and then backward I managed to keep in the saddle. We had two men with us to take the horses back. They were very amusing, they showed us the lake where St. Patrick threw in the last snake, and they have never had any since. I wished that he had banished the flies as well. Here and there along the road side women were sitting with baskets of lace and other stuff for sale. It seemed a very slow sale; an old ragged man came out of a hut holding out his hand for a penny. The guide said that he was more than a hundred years old. I could not help wondering what a dismal life it must be away up there in the mountain with no other habitation in sight. Another man away up in the mountain blew a bugle so we could hear the echo, which was very fine indeed. Still another man fired a gun, which sounded like a clap of thunder and echoed from peak to peak. Of course all these kind people had to get sixpence each for their trouble. Coming down the mountain we came to Kate Kearney's cottage. As our trip through the Gap of Dunloe was ended, we paid off our guides and their horses. After buying some pretty things in the cottage we hired a fine jaunting car and drove back to the Lake Hotel, a distance of nine or ten miles. The roads in Ireland are so good it is a pleasure to drive on them.

The next day we went to Muckross Abbey.

It is for the most part in ruins, still, it was grand. All the lower floors are filled up with tombs and the walls are covered with ivy. We saw many old places such as McCartie More's old fortress, the Abbey Church in which are many tombs of noted Irish families.

June 27. We left Killarney and came to Dublin. In the afternoon we went in a street car around part of the city, about four miles, through some beautiful streets, and had glimpses of lovely gardens and elegant trees.

The street cars are quite different from those in American cities. They are two storied, some have open tops, and some have glass all around. They have a stairway to go up to the top part, on the outside.

June 28th. In the morning we went to Phoenix Park, saw where lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke were murdered: a round piece of marble is set in the spot where it happened. We also went to Glasnevin Cemetery and saw the massive monument of Daniel O'Connell, and other great men. We went to St. Patrick's Cathedral. It stands on the site of a church built by St. Patrick himself. The present building, we were told, was begun in 1190, but was nearly destroyed by fire in 1362. In recent years the church has been restored by Guinness, the Dublin brewer who spent \$140,000 on the

work. We saw there the tombs of Dean Swift and his Stella.

After leaving the Cathedral, we went to Dublin Castle and were taken through some of the splendid rooms and Portrait Gallery. Quite near our hotel on Sackville street we saw the Nelson Monument, 121 feet high. From the top we had a fine view of the city.

We spent a few days in Dublin then went on to Belfast, a large and beautiful city. We hired a jaunting car and drove over to the ship yards where we saw twenty or more large steel steamers in course of construction, besides other small ones. Belfast must have great wealth, to carry on so colossal a business. (I wonder if we shall ever see steel ship building in Halifax.) After seeing the ship yards, we drove over the Queen's bridge to the Albert Memorial Monument, the City Hall, and other beautiful buildings.

I enjoyed going in the stores and seeing *real* Irish lace, made on the premises. We bought some beautiful lace handkerchiefs, and some fine linen ones. I bought some elegant towels. I wanted to buy heaps of them, they looked so nice.

After a few days delightfully spent in Belfast we went by train to Port Rush, from there by electric car to Giant's Causeway, which is a very wonderful collection of stones. They are best seen from the water

side as they reach down to the shore. I should say there were several acres of them, so evenly set together, that they look as if they must have been placed there, and nearly all the same size, most of them are flat, some seem to be eight sided, and all look as if they had been cut by man, but we were told they were just as Nature made them. Near the shore they seem to be four or five feet high; away back they must be at least fifty or more. There is one mass called the Organ, looks just like a huge pipe organ. Another one is called the Loom. They are a wonderful sight. The electric car took us quite near the Causeway. Then we went to a nice hotel, left our traps and hired a boat and man to row us around the Causeway and into Dunkerry Cave, which was quite near. I think the Cave might have been something like three hundred yards long and not more than thirty wide at its entrance. It got narrower as we advanced, the roof was very high, and was arched just like a church. The stone on the sides and roof was of many colors, beautiful to see. The water was light green and looked like silk. After we were quite a while on the water we went back to the hotel and had dinner. It tasted good, for the sea air gave us a keen appetite. After dinner we went back to Belfast, stayed all night and left for Glasgow in the morning.

We felt sorry to leave Ireland so soon for there is much to see there, but our time was limited.

### SCOTLAND

We were about two hours crossing the Irish Channel to Stranraer. There was a large number of passengers on the steamer, the day was fine and the water very smooth, so we enjoyed the trip very much. On landing we took a train for Glasgow, we went to the station Hotel St. Enoch, a very swell place. We had a beautiful room, elegant furniture upholstered in plush, beautiful mirrors and the softest carpets, but best of all we had letters from home. I was feeling so anxious to hear how they were at home, so we were both comforted and could enjoy sightseeing so much better.

July 3rd. Today we went through Glasgow Cathedral. We fortunately met a City Official who took us through and pointed out the interesting places. If we had been alone we would have missed a great deal. In the afternoon we went to see some of the stores. They are large, but they cannot come up to the London stores, neither in size nor display. It seemed so queer to see girls wheel hand carts around the streets with strawberries, heaped on them, like potatoes, and nearly as large. I never saw such large ones before.

Sunday July 4th. Went to morning service in Glasgow's famous cathedral. The text preached from was Daniel 10th Chap. 7th verse, "and I Daniel alone saw the vision; the men that were with me saw not the vision." The preacher went on to say and point out how some see, and others pass on and see not; which I have often noticed in my travels.

The Glasgow Cathedral was built in the 12th century. All the windows are filled with beautiful stained glass. The crypt is one of the finest in the world.

George's Square is well worthy of a visit. There are many statues of great men to be seen there. There were two equestrian statues that I admired, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. The West-end Park and Botanic Gardens are delightful. I could have spent days in the Museum, there were so many interesting things to see.

One afternoon we went down the Clyde, in a fine large steamer called Lord of the Isles, to Greenock. We were very much interested in the many beautiful places we saw, especially Dumbarton Rock, where Mary, Queen of Scots, spent part of her life. A good deal of the Castle walls are still standing.

When we landed at Greenock, we went to call on Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson (friends of ours). We found them at home, and they

gave us a hearty Scotch welcome. We did not intend to stay, but they not only made us stay to tea, but all night as well. They took us away up on the heights, to a beautiful place where we had a splendid view of the hills, as far away as Loch Lomond. The scenery was just grand. The hills were covered with heather and were lovely to see.

Next morning we said goodbye to our kind friends and went back to Glasgow by train. We then hired a carriage and guide, and visited places of interest. The City Hall is magnificent, the stairways and railings and pillars are Italian marble. The building cost three million dollars.

July 6th. We went to Ayr, in the morning by early train. We arrived there at eleven o'clock. We went to an hotel and had dinner. Then our guide brought a carriage and took us to Burn's cottage, about two miles distant. The cottage is a long low building, of two rooms, the living room and kitchen. The bed was in a recess built in the wall, by the chimney. The floors and walls were of stone, the roof thatched with straw. The table that Bobbie Burns wrote his poems on is still there; a spinning wheel on which his mother spun yarn is standing by. A grandfather's clock is in one corner, and some very ancient blue dishes and other stuff on the old dresser. At one end of the house, under the same roof, is the place

where they used to keep the cows. I picked some flowers in the garden, and after we had bought some post cards we got in our carriage and were driven to Kirk Alloway, made famous by Burn's Tam O'Shanter. The church is in ruins, the roof has fallen in.

The little cemetery is nicely kept. There is an old man at the gate to show the visitors around. He tells some exciting stories about the church in the olden times. After seeing the church and the Burns Monument, we walked down by the banks of bonny Doon. A beautiful arched stone bridge, with stone railing, spans the Doon. I could have spent hours on it looking down into the clear water, and I thought of the song which we all know so well, (Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon.) It seemed so strange to be really standing on that bridge over the famous Doon.

While we stood there an old man came along with a violin and played some lovely Scotch airs, so sweetly that my eyes filled with tears. I will never forget that bridge with the splendid trees shading it, and the flowers along the banks of the stream. We stayed as long as we possibly could, then hurried to catch the train for Glasgow.

Next morning we arose at six o'clock, and had breakfast. We then went to the dock and went on board the steamer Lord of the Isles, and went down the Clyde, past Green-



ock and many other pretty towns, down to Inverary Castle, the seat of the Duke of Argyll. We left the steamer and drove about half a mile to see the castle. It is a stately building in a beautiful and extensive park, with magnificent trees. In the park we saw a herd of shaggy Highland cattle. Their horns were wonderfully large and from tip to tip must have been quite a yard. After we had seen all the sights, we went back to the steamer and were landed at a place called Strachur, where we went in a coach to Loch Eckhead, then again by steamer through the Loch, about seven miles, with the beautiful mountains on each side reaching down to the water, their slopes dotted with thousands of sheep. How we did enjoy every step of the way!

Then again we landed and took a coach for Dunoon. These coaches have six seats, each seat holds five persons. The body of these coaches are away up above the wheels. We had to climb a high ladder to get into them, but by being high up we could see over the high stone walls which shut in the most lovely gardens of the elegant houses we passed. We drove about ten miles by the sea shore and through groves of beautiful fancy trees and shrubs. We were charmed with our drive, and were sorry when it was over, but we had to take again the steamer for Glasgow. As we landed, we

saw a Piper, dressed in highland costume. He was playing lovely scotch airs on his pipes. I am very fond of bagpipe music and could have listened for hours.

July 9th. This morning we arose at six o'clock, had breakfast and started for Loch Lomond. We went by train to the lake, then went on board of a bonny little steamer. There was quite a number of tourists on board, and we met some very nice people.

The day was rather misty in the morning, a scotch mist, you know, but by noon it had cleared away, and Loch Lomond was just as bonny as the song says it is. At noon we arrived at Inversnaid. There we found great coaches waiting for passengers. We were driven to Stronachlachar, where we took another dainty little steamer on Loch Katrine, passing Ellen's Isle, the Silver Strand, and other places mentioned in the *Lady of the Lake*. Loch Katrine is not very large, only about nine miles in length. The pretty little boat seemed to fly over the smooth water. The mists had cleared away, and we enjoyed the view of the lofty mountains on either side, with hundreds of sheep feeding on their rugged sides. Afar up in one of the mountains we saw a herd of red deer.

I must tell what the coaches we travelled by looked like. Each would hold twenty people, the back seats sloped up from the

front so those in the rear could see over the heads of those in front. The body of the coach was above the wheels and we had to climb up a ladder to get in. All the luggage was put underneath the floor, on another floor. These coaches were drawn by four great horses, fat and sleek.

The road, after we left Ellen's Isle, was up fearfully steep hills. I wondered how it would be possible for those horses to draw so heavy a load up. It was a very hard and long pull, but they seemed to think it nothing unusual, and pulled beautifully. Then we had to go down hills, just as steep. I sat in a front seat, and I really felt dizzy. I thought surely I should fall over the dashboard on to the horses' backs. I was very glad when we got to more level ground. We drove through the pass of the Trossachs, to Aberfoyle, the country made famous by Sir Walter Scott. This part of our drive was beautiful, the roads were very smooth but had many sharp turns, and the horses would rush round them at such a rate, that I thought surely we will be landed among the heather soon, which, by the way, was coming into bloom and looked so pretty. We had a merry lot of folks with us, which made the drive very pleasant indeed. Tonight we are at the Station Hotel Stirling.

July 11th. This morning we went through the Castle; it is on a high hill, looking over

the battlements. We saw where the battle of Bannockburn was fought, just about two miles away. In fancy I could see the troops marching amid the din of battle, and brave men falling to rise no more, and I thought of the anxious wives and mothers waiting in far off homes for news of their dear ones. There was a place on the roof of the Castle where a small platform was made for Queen Victoria to stand on, she being too short of stature to see over the battlements.

The Castle was the birthplace of James second and of James fifth, who was crowned there. In the Douglas room James the second assassinated William, Earl of Douglas. We were shown the window where the lifeless body was hurled to the garden below. We also saw the dungeon down underground, where many brave men languished in darkness and dampness. We saw a great deal of armour, whole suits, from head to foot. I wonder how men could fight with such heavy weights on them.

We walked over Stirling bridge where Wallace defeated the English troops. We went by tramcar to the bridge of Allan. Leaving the car we walked about half a mile to Abbey Craig, which is 560 feet high, on whose top is the Wallace Monument, a lofty baronial tower rising 220 feet high. The road up the hill was very steep but was overhung with lovely shade trees, with seats

here and there by the road side, for weary ones to rest on. As we sat on one of them a party of ten or twelve, young men and girls, came down from the Monument. They sat down a short way from us, and sang the old scottish song, "Scots wha hae' wi' Wallace bled." I never heard more beautiful singing. Their voices seemed to float away among the trees. They also sang "Lead, kindly Light," which was very impressive and made me feel very far from home, and almost homesick. Then again we went on, it was quite a climb to get there, but we were repaid for the walk. In the lower part of the monument there is a very nice tea room. We had tea, cake, strawberries and cream, and we quite enjoyed it.

In another room curios of many kinds were for sale, we paid sixpence each to go up in the tower. The stone stairway is spiral, and there were 250 steps. As we went up we were shown three large rooms one above the other: one room had a bust of Wallace and other prominent heroes, the armour of Wallace, the sword which he fought with. It was very large and heavy, five feet in length. He must have been a giant to be able to use it. It is kept in a glass case.

After seeing all the old relics, we went down to the station, got our travelling cases, and took the train for Edinburgh. While

there we stayed with a friend, a Scotch lady. Her house was on Princess street. In front were the City Gardens, and Park, a lovely sight of trees and flowers, charming walks and restful seats. We could see Edinburgh Castle from our windows, of which I shall speak later. Along the street stood the great Scott Monument, built of red sand stone, more than two hundred feet high, built in gothic style with many spires and turrets, a worthy tribute to a worthy man. Going into the Castle we entered by a draw-bridge, crossing the old moat and passing under a portcullis. In the Castle we were shown the crown room, containing the Scottish Regalia, Queen Mary's room, in which James first of England was born, in 1566.

The old Parliament Hall, has a museum and armory. I was very much interested in the armour. A magnificent view of the city and the Firth of Forth, with Highland hills in the background, is obtained from the bomb battery.

I was very much interested in our visit to Holyrood Palace, the former residence of the Scottish kings. Some of the rooms of Mary, Queen of Scots, are still preserved and contain some of the relics of that ill fated queen. In the vestibule of the Audience Chamber a brass plate in the floor indicates the spot where Rizzio was murdered. We also saw the secret stair-

way where the assassins came up to do their dark deed. I sat on a chair in Queen Mary's room where she had often sat. Visitors are not supposed to do so, but I just wanted so much to sit there. After lunch we went to see the botanical gardens, and some of the large churches.

On Sunday we went to St. Giles' Cathedral. The congregation numbered about fourteen hundred. St. Giles' Church is the ancient parish church of Edinburgh, dating from the 12th century. It is a very grand massive stone church.

July 14th. We spent the morning writing letters for home. In the afternoon we went to see the great bridge over the Forth. The distance to the bridge was nine miles. We went in a motor car, which took only a few minutes. The roads were very smooth and clean, and we enjoyed every mile of it.

When we arrived at the bridge, we went on board a beautiful little pleasure steamer and went down the river, under the great bridge. Some young men on the boat played Scottish airs on violins, which sounded very nice, on the water. After a very pleasant excursion we arrived back at our hotel with good appetites for dinner.

July 15th. We went to Melrose, today. We left Edinburgh by the ten o'clock train. When we reached Melrose our guide brought a carriage and drove us to Sir Walter

Scott's home. After we saw the beautiful lawns and gardens, we were shown through the house, which indeed is a castle, built of red sand stone, trimmed with granite. The house still has a great deal of the original furniture. In one room there were fifteen chairs of ebony beautifully carved. The large hall walls were covered with armour of all kinds. The study has the same table and chair, where Sir Walter sat while writing some of his famous novels. In one room there is a glass case with a suit of his clothes in it, and in the same room is an old oak chest, elegantly carved, but nearly dropping to pieces with age. It is the chest mentioned in the song of long ago, (The Mistletoe Bough) where the bride at her wedding proposed a game of hide and seek. She told her husband that he must be the first one to find her, as she ran off to hide. She went to some distant room, probably a store room, and got into this chest. The cover closed with a spring, and she could not get out. She was not found for many years after. But those who found the chest knew it was the bride lying there, who was lost, by her bridal dress. I had heard my mother sing the song so often that I was fascinated with the chest.

After seeing many wonderful things in the house, we went to Dryburgh Abbey, where Sir Walter Scott and his wife and son



are buried. The Abbey must have been a very large building when it was in its prime, as the walls show. There are still dark stairways, leading down to dreadful dungeons, and narrow steep stone steps leading up to high galleries. Before reaching the Abbey we had to cross a small river on a narrow suspension bridge, very high from the water, which swayed with every step we took. I was very glad when we got off it.

Going about a mile farther, we came to Melrose Abbey. A most beautiful building it must have been in its day, and although in ruins, it is still very imposing, with its richly carved pillars and window frames. The beautiful glass of the windows, except a bit here and there, was destroyed by Cromwell's soldiers at the reformation. Most of the roofs are also gone. There were winding stairs in the corners of the main chapel leading up to high cloisters. I could in imagination, see the cowled monks marching along them, chanting as they walked. The floors were pretty well taken up with burial slabs. One was for the great warrior, Wallace; another for Bruce; another the Wizzard, and others for great men. Outside in the cemetery there were some very quaint epitaphs. There was so much to see that I fain would have lingered the whole day, but we wanted to go to all the places that we could crowd in, so we had to hurry.

We drove back to Melrose station, where we had tea, and then took the train back to Edinburgh. Last night we went with some friends to the theatre. The play was *Rob Roy*. It was simply grand. I never enjoyed a play better in my life. It was a purely Scotch play, the actors were all in highland costumes; there was a very large orchestra. In one act two highlanders danced the sword dance to the music of the bagpipes. It was splendid, and stirred up every drop of Scotch blood that was in me.

The last scene in the play was Rob Roy's cave in the mountain side, opening on Loch Katrine. The moon was shining on the lake, and the water rippling in its rays, and a boat gliding quietly by. Well, it was just fine!

Rob Roy was a great tall strong looking man, just what a chieftain should be, and Ellen was all that could be desired as a chieftain's wife.

Saturday, 18th. We went for a stroll on Salisbury Craigs. I picked some pretty white heather. We walked up by Holyrood Palace; there were many visitors going in.

In the afternoon, we went to the Botanical Gardens; the band from the Castle played beautiful airs, alternately with a band of pipes. The pipers wore green and blue tartan, with white gaiters, a very handsome uniform. There were many hundreds of

people present. The Glasgow people had a holiday, so there were a great many excursionists to Edinburgh. We went to the green market, about ten o'clock, but everything was sold, and the sweepers were cleaning up the building. Every one seemed to hurry, as all the shops close at one o'clock, which gives every one a chance to enjoy an outing.

Next day, Sunday, we went to Tron church, the church where Annie Laurie was married. It is a fine stone building of a round shape inside. We have met some very nice people in Edinburgh. They as well as we are sorry to say goodbye. I wonder if I shall ever again see dear old Scotland! As I walked down High street, I thought how often I had heard my father speak of that street. He was born in Scotland, and spent some years in Edinburgh. He left there for Canada where he met my mother. He often spoke of going back, but he never did. How we children used to love to hear him tell anecdotes of his young days.

## ENGLAND

We left Edinburgh this morning for York. A lovely bright day. We had a corridor compartment car, with the dearest little dining room, one table seated four, and the

one we had seated just two, so we had a very cosy, and a very excellent dinner.

We arrived at York about half past one. We left the train and walked up the city to the great cathedral. We thought that we had seen some fine churches, but that one put the others in the shade. There were fine stained glass windows in particular, seventy-five feet high and twenty-seven feet wide. The other windows were smaller, but all of stained glass. Some of these windows date back to the year 1200.

The length of the cathedral is 524 feet, breath across the transepts 250 feet, the aisles 30 feet wide; the greatest window is 76 feet high, 32 feet wide; the west window is 54 feet high, 30 feet wide. There are many other windows, not quite so large. The glass in these windows is the most exquisite stained glass in the world, and dates from the 12th century, so we were told.

There is a chime of bells, twelve in number. One, a very large one, cost two thousand pounds, and weighs  $17\frac{1}{2}$  tons. There is much beautiful carving on the pillars and walls, and many quaint tombs around the sides of the aisles. Coming away we walked for some distance on the top of the city wall. It is used as a promenade. There is quite a view from it. We stayed all night at Derby, at a very fine hotel; had breakfast, and left for Rowsley, where we procured a carriage,

and drove about two miles to see Haddon Hall, the home of the Vernons, of olden fame. The building is very large and grand, built of solid masonry. It is very picturesque with its many turrets and battlements. Some of the rooms are hung with tapestry made hundreds of years ago, but still holding their beautiful coloring.

The park and grounds are lovely, with their noble looking trees.

In the afternoon we left for Warwick. Next morning we went by coach to see the Castle, first seeing Guy's Cliff, the country seat of Lord Percy.

Warwick Castle, the ancient and stately home of the Earl of Warwick, is built on a commanding position overlooking the Avon. The Castle, which is one of the finest and most picturesque feudal residences in England, is said to date from Saxon times. The oldest portion now standing is the huge Cæsar's tower, nearly one hundred and fifty feet high, built soon after the Norman conquest. In the beautiful rooms and great hall we saw many old relics and rare oil paintings of great value. The park contains magnificent cedars and other grand old trees.

After leaving Warwick, we went to Kenilworth, a distance of five miles.

Kenilworth Castle, one of the grandest and most extensive Baronial ruins in Eng-

land, was originally founded by Geoffrey de Clinton, Chamberlain of Henry 1st, about 1120. The Castle became later royal property, and in 1563, was presented by Queen Elizabeth to her favorite, the Earl of Leicester.

Leicester spent enormous sums of money, in enlarging and improving the building and in 1575, entertained Queen Elizabeth with her large retinue eleven days at a cost of one thousands pounds a day.

From Kenilworth we went to Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare once lived. We first drove to the church where he was christened, married and buried. He is buried in the Chancel beneath a large slab, which has this strange verse on it, familiar, I dare say, to many : —

“Good Friend, for Jesus’ sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here.  
Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones.”

After seeing the quaint little church, we drove to Ann Hathaway’s cottage, the girl whom he married. There was little to see except the queer little rooms, the big fireplace, the old settle by the inglenook, where they two sat, as lovers. I sat down for a while where the great poet had so often sat. The cottage is thatched, and has stone floors. There is a pretty garden, nicely kept, with

lovely flowers, climbing roses, hollyhocks, etc.

We went to see Shakespeare's house. The rooms are nearly the same as when he lived in them, the old desk and chair where he sat to write his plays are still there.

This morning we leave for London. I am very glad for there we expect to get letters from home. In London we went to the First Avenue Hotel, a very fine one, on Oxford street, but the noise of traffic makes me dizzy. Never have I seen so many vehicles, of so many kinds, at once.

The hansoms seemed to me so very odd, like a covered buggy, but with only two wheels, and the driver sits on behind with a very long whip. The shafts curve up near the top of the horse's saddle, and I used to think if the backband should break, we would soon find our level on the street; but I must say they are fine easy carriages to ride in. When we arrived at our hotel we found a pile of letters and papers. How we did go through them, and how thankful to hear that they were all well at home!

The shops in London were a delight to me. Go where you will, there is none so grand except in Paris. Twice I got lost in Peter Robinson's, and had to ask my way to Oxford street. I had gone out alone and thought that I could get back all right.

After we had been in London for a week I felt quite safe shopping.

Yesterday, we went to the Tower, and saw the crown jewels, the great Kohinoor diamond, and the beautiful coronation robes of ruby velvet, with gold lace and gold crowns, and much State regalia. We were not allowed much time to look at them, the guards kept us moving. We also saw where Lady Jane Gray and Anne Boleyn and others were beheaded.

St. Paul's Cathedral I thought very cheerless, but very very grand indeed. There are many tombs of noted men and women in it.

I quite enjoyed the National Museum, which was a sight never to be forgotten. I was particularly delighted with the stuffed birds. There were some no larger than humming birds, their plumage sparkled just as though they were sprinkled with diamond dust. I never saw such birds in any other place.

Today we went to the Canada High Commissioner's office, and registered our names, and had a talk with Lord Strathcona. He gave us tickets to see the Parliament buildings, and the King's stables.

We went another day to Regents Park. It is a lovely place, parts of it laid out like gardens, with the greatest amount of flowers of all kinds, beautiful to see; and grand



trees, forming lovely avenues, and hundreds of seats for visitors to rest on.

There were hundreds of children romping on the soft green grass, having a lovely time.

We walked along through part of the park and came to the zoological gardens. There is so much to be seen there; the afternoon was spent before we had seen half the sights. There were all kinds of animals, birds, fishes, seals, turtles. We saw some horrid looking snakes; we were told that they were twenty-five feet long. They were brown in color, with black spots and streaks; one had shed its skin. It must have been shed that afternoon, as it was lying beside the snake; the new skin was very bright and shining.

By the time we had got to the lions' cages, they had been fed, and were lying down to sleep. One big fellow had left a large piece of meat, and was lying down with half closed eyes, watching two wee little mice that had come out of a hole in his cage, and were having a fine time nibbling at it. At last he was afraid that they might eat it all, so he gave great yawn, and they fled to the hole. Then he dragged himself up and licked the meat, but did not eat it, he was so sleepy. Out in the grounds there was a large elephant, with seats on his back to hold six. He was continually going up and down with loads of children on his back.

They rode about thirty yards, and back, for a penny each. There was also a camel doing the same thing. They looked very tired, the day being very warm; when the elephant saw children eating cake he would poke them with his trunk, for a piece, which made them laugh, and he always got some.

One day we went to see Madam Tussaud's wax works, one of London's great shows. I would not have missed it for a good deal. I was puzzled at first to tell which were the real people. We saw King Edward, Queen Alexandra, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and indeed all the members of the royal family. They were all dressed in Court costumes, the ladies had very long trains, their dresses were all rich velvet, with much gold trimming and jewels. All the ancient Kings and Queens, and Popes, and statesmen, for many generations, were to be seen there. In a small alcove, hung around with velvet curtains and a lamp burning on the table, sat Queen Victoria with her pen in her hand, seemingly intent on writing. She looked so life-like that I suddenly lowered my voice and stepped softly; for the moment I thought that she was really there. In another room we saw Victoria as a little girl, when she was called from her bed to be told that she was to be Queen of England. She looked so childish and sweet, in her night dress, stand-

ing beside her mother and the men who brought the news, kneeling before her.

Down in the Chamber of horrors we saw Mary, Queen of Scots as she looked when she went to be beheaded. She was kneeling down to lay her head on the block, her little dog standing beside her, the executioner standing with his axe gripped, ready for his awful deed, the Queen's ladies weeping near her. It all looked so real, I was glad to pass on. We saw some of the old instruments of torture used in the olden times. The stocks, where a man had his feet made fast between two bars of wood, and sat on the ground with his hands tied behind him. People passing by would jeer at him. The pillory was another dreadful thing, the head was put through a hole in a frame as high as a person stood, and the frame fitted tightly on the back of the neck, so he could not move. What a mercy that those awful things are done away with!

After seeing all the curious things, we went in a tea room in the same building and had some refreshments. Next day we went shopping all the morning; on our way to lunch there was a heavy shower of rain: we had to take shelter in a doorway and wait until it was over; presently the sun shone out and the sky was blue again.

After luncheon we took a car and drove to Westminster Abbey. It stands quite near

the Parliament buildings. The Abbey was founded in the seventh century, rebuilt by Edward the Confessor, 1049-85, and dating in the present form from the 13th century. It contains many royal burial vaults and splendid tombs of celebrated men. The tomb of Queen Elizabeth is very handsome in its structure of fluted pillars. Queen Mary's tomb is quite near to Elizabeth's. The Poets' Corner is very interesting, one wants to linger there, and gaze on the marble faces of these wonderful men.

The Coronation Chair with the stone of destiny under it, interested me. Kings have been crowned for many centuries on that stone; there is a legend attached to it.

We went several days to see the Abbey; it is impossible to see it all in one day. One day we stayed in to Church Service, in the Chapel.

Quite near the abbey, Westminster Bridge crosses the Thames. The Victoria Embankment runs to the North along the left bank of the river to Blackfriars, while the Albert Embankment extends to the South, on the opposite bank to Vauxhall bridge. The former is embellished with Cleopatra's Needle, an obelisk brought from Egypt. Adjoining the Victoria Embankment are some elegant buildings, hotels, cottages, clubs, halls, etc. Near the North end of Vauxhall Bridge, is the large Gallery of

British Art, the Tait Gallery. Here we saw some of the most beautiful sculpture and paintings, by some of the best masters. I said, "Really, this is indeed a treat." Another day we went to see the Wallace Collection, in a large building of many rooms, some rooms covered from floor to ceiling with armour: some had all manner of porcelain, others the most beautiful oil paintings, by old French and Flemish masters, and I did so want to go back again, but we had to hurry to get in all that we possibly could.

Aug. 9th. Only two months since we left home. Surely it must be a year, we have been to so many places and have seen so much! Yesterday we went to Hyde Park. It is a beautiful place, there were thousands of people walking and sitting under the lovely shade trees.

After walking for some time, we went to a pretty Tea-garden, and had a nice tea. There were a large number of tables under the trees; the tables looked very inviting: spotless cloths, bright silver, pretty dishes, and obliging waiters, a large umbrella for canopy; what more could we wish for? We enjoyed our very nice tea and felt quite refreshed. After we had rested we walked to the Albert Memorial, a most beautiful monument, the most elaborate that I had ever seen. It was erected at a cost of £120,000. It is a vast structure.

Today we have not done much, and yet, I consider it the best day we have seen in London. We saw by the papers that King Edward and Queen Alexandra and their daughter Victoria, were returning to Buckingham palace after an absence of two weeks, and by such a train they would be there at one o'clock. So we went to the palace gates and waited. There was no traffic allowed on the street in front of the gates. Soon quite a crowd gathered. The guards kept space for the royal carriage, and showed us a good place to stand. Soon they came along, in an open carriage. We were quite close to them, and had a good look at their Majesties. We smiled at them as they drove slowly by, and the King raised his hat and the Queen bowed to us. I felt good all day after so much glory. The Queen is very sweet looking and looks as young as her daughter. They are leaving this week for Balmoral, to spend a month.

We went to Covent Garden Hotel, had lunch, then took a stroll through the fruit market, near by. I never saw so much fruit at once in my life, just immense quantities.

Next morning we went to Shepherd's Bush, to the International Exhibition. I think it is an annual affair, lasting from May until October. The grounds were laid out like a beautiful city, with elegant streets and sidewalks, and shade trees; the build-

ings were lofty and looked like they were made of white stone, with mouldings of elegant design, many of them outlined with electric lamps, which gave them a splendid appearance at night. There was a water course around the centre of the Fair grounds, with many handsome bridges spanning it, nice flights of stone steps reaching down to the water, where pretty motor boats, with velvet cushions and soft carpets, waited to take visitors around the pretty water way. There was an Irish village of pretty white cottages with thatched roofs, and fires of peat.

In some of the cottages, women were making lace, some weaving linen, and other fabrics. There was a real village green where the boys and girls, dressed in green and white, danced. There was also a Highland village. We went into some of the cottages to see them weaving cloth, and shawls, of which we bought some. There was a raised platform, with seats around it, in the open, where we saw two men and two women dancing a Scottish reel. They were in Highland costume, and a piper played for them. They wore a great many medals for they were beautiful dancers and had taken many prizes. We shook hands with them, and talked with them after their dancing and thought them very nice people.

I went for a ride in a rickshaw, pulled by

a Coolie. He ran as fast as a horse. I paid him sixpence for the run, which was about two hundred yards.

The tea gardens were very nice, and well patronized. In one of the buildings, we were shown a cold storage section with all kinds of meat from Australia, looking just as fresh as if it had been dressed the day before. We saw some pieces of beautiful amber of very large size, which also came from Australia.

Today we went to Oxford, we saw the great University buildings, and some fine churches; had a stroll through Addison's walk. We saw the Martyrs' Memorial, erected in 1841, to the memory of Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, who were burned at the stake in front of Balliol College, in 1555. The monument is in the richest gothic style, and is adorned with statues of the three martyrs. After going through some of the College Art Galleries and Museums, we went back to London.

Next day we went to see Bow Bells Church, the church whose bells called Dick Whittington back when he ran away from old Cicely, the cook, who used to beat him. Dick was a poor boy who lived as an errand boy in a gentleman's house. He slept in a garret and the rats used to run over him in bed. Lady Alice, the gentleman's daughter, gave him a penny one day and he bought a



cat, which soon killed the rats. In after years, so runs the story, Dick made a fortune and married Lady Alice. I suppose they lived happy ever after; any way there is a picture of Whittington and his wife hanging up in the church.

We went to Hampton Court Palace today; many of the Kings and Queens lived there in past ages. Some of the bedrooms had elegant canopy topped bedsteads, with velvet curtains trimmed with gold, lace and fringe. The drawing rooms were hung in tapestry, very beautiful; the arched ceilings were beautiful indeed; there were many portraits of Kings and Queens, and courtiers, in life size, on the walls. Then the gardens and lawns were wonderful. Flowers of all kinds and colors, shrubs and trees. In one of the vine houses we saw a grape vine, one hundred and forty years old, its greatest girth is forty-eight inches, the principal branch 114 feet long, its average yield of grapes, over seven hundred pounds. After having a nice lunch we climbed into our coach and started back to London, a distance of seventeen miles. On our way we stopped at the Kew gardens and had a walk through them, went in some of the glass houses, and saw the lovely flowers, roses of all kinds and colors.

Next day we drove in a hansom to Paddington Station, and took the train for

Windsor, a distance of 26 miles. Arriving, we went to see the renowned Windsor Castle. We were shown through the state rooms by an official.

The banqueting hall is magnificent, decorated with armour. At one end of the hall there are seats for the King and Queen, under a canopy top of velvet and gold lace.

The carpet on the floor weighs twenty tons; a footstep cannot be heard on it. The other rooms are beautiful, hung in brocade satin, each room being a different color, the furniture upholstered in the same.

There are also fine life sized oil portraits of the royal family, and kings and queens of the olden times, on the walls. The audience chamber was upholstered in blue and gold velvet, in pattern of the Order of the Garter, the walls being covered with the same.

The King's throne had a high canopy top. The carved woodwork of the throne was set with jewels of different colors, very beautiful. This room is where the king gives the honour of knighthood, the one to receive the honour kneels on one knee before the King who touches him with his sword, and says, "arise, Sir (somebody), etc."

I wanted very much to sit down on the throne, but a stern looking guard kept his eye on me, which made me afraid to try it. There was one room in particular that fas-

minated me; it contained large glass cases, filled with Queen Victoria's jewels. How rich and beautiful they were. I shall never see such a sight again. I thought that I was in Aladdin's palace.

We saw a chair on wheels, padded in pink silk, that Queen Charlotte used to be drawn in, to Church, probably a room in the Castle; yes, of course, there is a Chapel in every castle and palace. After viewing the lovely rooms, we went up to the top of one of the towers. I was very tired going up so many stone steps, but after gaining the top, we had a great view. Frogmore is in the distance, where Queen Victoria and Prince Albert are buried, and other members of the royal family.

Then we went to see the stables; one stable had all grey horses, for the use only of the royal family; another stable had all bay horses, for use of visitors. I have forgotten how many horses in all, something like fifty; there was a large paddock of sand where the horses are trained and exercised, and where the royal children learn to ride.

We left Windsor by a pretty steamer and had a long trip up the Thames, about 45 miles, passing splendid mansions; the river was not very wide, so we had a good view of the houses and lovely lawns, some reaching down to the water, where, beside wide stone

steps, pretty pleasure boats were moored, and majestic swans paddled slowly along under splendid shade trees. We saw many house boats; some had the roofs covered with growing flowers; they looked very pretty by the banks of the river, and must be nice to live in, in the Summer. We had to pass through a great many narrow canal locks, which made the journey very interesting. We saw the Henley race course where they have large regattas. There is about a mile where the river is wide and quite straight. The boats on the shore are a sight to remember. I should say there were thousands of them packed closely together, some of them, I think, were very costly ones. Today we paid another visit to Regent Park. I must mention a water lily that I saw in one of the glass houses. I think it was called the Regina. The leaves measured over seven feet across, and were not yet full grown, and had a lip around of fully three inches deep. The leaves were beautifully veined with red. Today we went down the Thames, on a nice steamer to a fashionable watering place, called Southend-on-Sea. We landed at a pier about a mile from the shore, and took a tramcar to the beach. There is a high bank all along the beach, and terraces above it, with fine trees, shrubs and flowers, and band stands, with a city back of it. There were thousands of people on the sand; chil-

dren were having such a fine time. There are numbers of beautiful bath houses under the bank, very inviting with their white tiled walls and everything so clean. There were thousands of nice chairs to sit on, some with covered tops; there were any number of shops with fruit and all kinds of trinkets for sale.

Back in London again, we received quite a bunch of letters from home, which were quite welcome.

Our next visit was to the King's stables. A groom in livery showed us through. First we saw the carriages, then the horses, 75 in all. There were eight cream colored horses, with long flowing tails and manes, just looked like silk. These are used only on State occasions; eight great black ones; the groom said the black ones were Spanish horses.

Then we saw the harness, which was covered with gold, wonderful to see, the bridles looked like bonnets.

It takes three men to harness one horse, the harness is so heavy. The State coaches were worth seeing. The coachman's seat was a mass of gold and scarlet cloth, the body of the coaches were lacquered with gold, the royal coat of arms on the door. Under the coachmen's feet on the front of the coach, were two figures in gold, men blowing horns (Heralds) and two more just

behind the postillions. This coach is used only on State occasions such as the opening of Parliament. It is drawn by the eight cream colored horses. One is not supposed to tip the grooms that show one through the stables, but they don't look the other way when you put your hand in your pocket.

## FRANCE

Aug. 27th. Left London for Folkstone, where we arrived about four o'clock P. M., taking a steamer for Boulogne. The English Channel was smooth and we glided along very calmly; it was quite different when we were coming back. After getting through the Customs house, we went by train to Paris, which took about four hours; we had dinner in the train, which we enjoyed.

In Paris we went to the Hotel D'Orsay, a very large stylish hotel, the waiters in dress suits and white gloves. The fare was most excellent, with lots of fruit: strawberries, grapes, peaches, etc. Every table had wine on it, more wine than water. The wine, I think, must be very weak, for I saw women drink a great deal of it, and not seem any the worse. Being a white ribboner myself I didn't taste it.

One day we visited Notre Dame Church, the finest in Paris. Its length is 390 feet,

144 feet wide at the transepts and 102 feet from the floor to the vaulting of the roof, and is supported by 297 pillars, has 113 windows, and has two towers 205 feet high. One of the bells weighs 16 tons, the clapper half a ton. There is beautiful and costly statuary to be seen in Notre Dame. One of the relics to be seen there is the crown of thorns brought from the Church of St. Sophia in Constantinople, bought by Louis 9th from Baudouin II, for the sum of 50,000 livres. We happened to be in the Church when a ceremony was taking place; there were six priests, dressed in their priestly robes, chanting before the high altar, the great organ playing; it was very solemn and grand.

Napoleon's tomb is one of the sights of Paris; it looks like a temple from the outside. You see, on entering, directly opposite the door, a magnificent altar, with high canopy composed of marble, bronze and gold. The floor is of mosaic, in beautiful designs. Between the entrance and the altar is a marble crypt, about sixty feet in diameter, a marble rail runs around the open crypt. In a circular vault in the centre, stands the large porphyry tomb, very costly, in which the great Napoleon rests.

Just back of the rail stands his monument of mottled marble; the canopy is of lacquered gold, and is supported by four

spiral pillars. There is a window on either side of stained glass, which reflects the sun on the marble, giving a most beautiful effect. Just behind this building is a hospital for the sick poor. In the large courtyard, King Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette and about three thousand others were guillotined, Charlotte Corday among them, victims of the revolution of 1793.

Went to the city of Versailles today, some fourteen miles from Paris. We entered an immense courtyard, called the Cour d'Honneur, adorned on each side with rows of statues and one in the centre, representing Louis XIII. The Palace of Versailles was commenced in 1664, by Louis XIII, but actually built and finished by Louis XVI, said to have cost ten million pounds sterling. The Palace has accomodation for four thousand people.

In the art galleries, of which there are 175, there are 5,000 pictures, also busts, statuary, and some of the finest oil paintings in the world are to be seen here.

Two pictures by Horace Vernet, The Battle of Solferino, 30 feet long and 20 wide. The forcible seizure of the camp and harem of Abd-el-Kader, 70 feet by 18. These two alone would take hours to see by lovers of art.

The ceilings of these beautiful galleries are painted in gorgeous coloring, and rep-



resent scenes in the lives of the Kings of France. The galerie des glaces is 240 feet long, 33 wide and 42 high, hung with 17 large mirrors and lighted by 17 windows; looking in the mirrors you could see the beautiful lawns reflected in them. The gardens and terraces around the palace were a veritable fairy land, the fountains, of which there are very many, had been shut off on account of scarcity of water, had been let play that afternoon, and I never saw a prettier sight. They looked like so many gigantic white, ostrich plumes, one could spend a week in the lovely grounds and not tire of the shady avenues, broad marble stairways, statuary, fish ponds, flowers and shrubs. We were shown through Napoleon's coach house, and saw the golden coaches that he rode in to his coronation and marriages, the harness covered with gold. Some of the sleighs were odd looking, being lined with fur.

Another excursion we enjoyed very much, was down the river Seine, about ten miles from Paris, to St. Cloud, a quaint old town. Many of the residences had high stone walls around them and massive iron gates. Peeping through some of the gates we saw lovely gardens, beautiful walks and fountains, and bright flowers. We went to the public park, which excelled all that we had yet seen for beauty, the lovely shady avenues, the long stretches of flower beds, the fish ponds full

of red and striped fishes, the fountains and lawns, were a sight never to be forgotten. After spending all the time that we possibly could, we went back in one of the pretty steamers to Paris in time for seven o'clock dinner.

### BELGIUM

Sept. 1st. We left Paris for Brussels, arriving by train in five hours, putting up at the Hotel Europe, a very fine hotel. We had a beautiful room, with elegant furniture; the dining room looked very fine, with its snowy tables, and shining silver, and glass, palms and flowers.

Next morning we drove around the city to see the fine buildings. Going into Notre Dame Church, we happened to find a marriage taking place, the groom was a rich banker, the bride a baroness. She looked lovely, dressed in white satin with very long train, a veil that reached to her feet, a maid walked behind her to keep her dress train straight, as they passed down the aisle after the ceremony. I was standing quite near her and as she passed me I smiled and she smiled and bowed to me which I thought very gracious of her.

We went by train a few miles out of Brussels, to where the battle of Waterloo was fought, where Napoleon was defeated. It is a very large plain, now used as wheat

and vegetable fields. There are a number of monuments raised to the memory of brave men who fell in that dreadful battle, when 72,000 men were slain. In one of the farm yards we saw an old well, where after the battle when the dead were gathered up, three hundred and sixteen bodies were put into it, some thousands more were buried near the well. One monument is called the Lion Mound, 226 steps to the summit, on which is a huge bronze lion. This mound was four years in building. Leaving Brussels, we went to Antwerp, about two hours by train. After luncheon, we drove around the city, bought some trinkets, and took the train for Holland. We did not stop at Rotterdam on account of the black plague, which was raging there, so we kept on through lovely scenery, water ways, and windmills. We saw herds of splendid Holstein cattle feeding in green fields. We arrived at the Hague about five o'clock P. M., and put up at the Hotel Bellevue, old fashioned in some respects perhaps, but with a good table. We had a fine room with elegant furniture indeed. It was the best room we have had yet, and we have had some elegant ones.

#### HOLLAND

Next morning our guide brought a nice carriage, and drove us to see a fine picture

gallery, and then to the old jail, where some four hundred years ago, the Spanish authorities used to torture their prisoners. We were taken through the cells, and shown the instruments of torture, such as the pillory, stocks, gallows, the rack, the irons they used to burn their flesh with.

Another horrible thing was a long bench with the end chopped very much. The person was laid down on it and his head chopped off. It was full of axe marks. One dark room was where a young priest died. He had turned Lutheran, so they kept him there for a time and tortured him. When he would not give up his faith, they strangled him. He had dug a hole in his prison wall about a foot deep with a spoon, but the three foot wall was too much for him. We saw where he had written on the wall with his own blood.

In another upstairs room there was an iron grating facing the place where the cooking was done, about six feet away. In that room people were put and starved to death. What agony those poor creatures must have suffered, to smell the food cooking and not be given any!

All the doors, floors, and stairways were built of solid oak, which never seems to wear out. We drove through the park, which is celebrated for its beauty, and also for its royal villa, "house in the woods." It

is one of the palaces of the Queen of Holland. The Queen was away with her household, in the mountains, and visitors, by paying a small fee, could see some of the beautiful rooms, which were so grand, that I thought I must be in Aladdin's palace.

The portraits on the walls were painted by Rubens. One room that I liked very much had a dome shaped ceiling painted in flowers and nymphs. Right underneath the dome was a table about six or eight feet long about three wide, it was made of dark brown porphyry, looking like glass. Looking at the table you could see paintings in the dome reflected in it, which was very beautiful to see. In one room the walls were hung with the most lovely silk, all hand worked by Japanese ladies, the curtains were quilted silk on one side and woven gold on the other; one room had tables and stands inlaid with pearl, the chairs were covered in silk and embroidered in beautiful designs by hand. There were so many lovely things to exclaim over that I nearly lost my head.

In a lovely little room where Queen Wilhelmina did her writing, by her desk her chair was just as she left it. I asked the lady who showed us round if I might sit down for a moment in it, she seemed quite pleased to have me do so.

Sunday we went to church in the morn-

ing. The Minister was a New York man; the service being in English we enjoyed it very much. In the afternoon we went to the seaside, by train, to a place called Scheveningen, a great bathing resort.

There is a very long beach with a splendid sea-wall of stone. Below the wall on the beach, there are small shops where they sell trinkets, fruit, tea and coffee and beer. There is a pier running out quite a long distance, with a large building on it for dancing. The pier is lighted on both sides with many electric lights and is a splendid sight at night. On the sands, are hundreds of willow chairs, with covered tops, so the sun may not shine in one's eyes, when going on the beach. You pay two pence for the use of a chair with the privilege of walking anywhere and sitting on any vacant chair. One thing I very much liked was bathers were taken down to the water in a bath house drawn by a horse, when they opened the door and went down a couple of steps into the water. I didn't see any bathers walking on the beach showing off their forms in a wet bathing suit.

Leaving 'S Graven Hage we went to Amsterdam: put up at the Victoria. In the afternoon we went to a large museum and picture gallery. We saw quaint old costumes of Dutch folk for many generations back. We also went to the palace where Queen

Wilhelmina lives when she is in Amsterdam. The rooms are very beautiful, all hung in silk brocade. One room was hung in yellow, one in blue, one in crimson; furniture upholstered in the same.

One, the throne room, I must particularly mention. The throne was on a raised platform and consisted of two chairs with gold frames and gold crowns on the backs, a large canopy top of white and garnet satin, trimmed with gold lace, with long curtains reaching to the floor. How grand it all looked, and how I did want to sit on that throne, but there was a rail around it, to keep folks like *me* back. The stores were a delight. I wanted to buy so many things, but the great trouble was to carry them from place to place.

We went to an island, about 17 miles from Amsterdam, called Markam, a fishing village. All the people wore wooden shoes, and the women odd looking clothes, red waists, with blue sleeves or white. Their skirts had, about ten inches below the belt, a yoke of quite different color from the skirt, either checks or striped, the skirt plain. The women and girls wore white muslin or lace hoods, with the sides turned back. They all seemed beautifully clean, both their clothes and their homes. After visiting some of their homes and buying some curios we went back to our pretty steamer and had

lunch, then after steaming through water ways and canals, we arrived back in Amsterdam.

Leaving Amsterdam we started for Cologne; after arriving there we drove around the city, we went into the cathedral, which is a very large structure, built in gothic style. The double spires are 555 feet high, the great bell weighs 37 tons, and is cast of cannons, taken from the battlefield of Waterloo. The fluted columns inside the church are magnificent.

We next went to the Church of St. Ursula. There was a large number of visitors going in, strangers, I suppose, like ourselves. This Church was built in the twelfth century, and is reputed to hold the bones of 11,000 virgins, who were on a pilgrimage to Rome, with St. Ursula; they were set upon by the Huns, and all murdered.

Their bones are laid on the walls in patterns, somewhat resembling mosaics. The skull of St. Ursula, and some of her companions are kept in gold and glass cases, but whether in gold or glass, the skulls all looked alike to me, and very disgusting at that. Around the room were stands with busts of people on them. Inside they were full of bones. I forgot to say that St. Ursula's skull was in a glass and gold case with gems set in it, another had a bone of her forearm



with a band of jewels across it, another had a finger bone.

I wonder if those priests who show visitors those horrid relics, believe themselves what they tell them.

But it pays them well to tell extravagant stories, from the fees they collect. I thought it would have been much better to have buried the poor bones. Another thing seems rather queer: how do they get the bones clean?

#### GERMANY

After buying some pretty things we drove to the steamer to go to Heidelberg, which was a delightful trip of one hundred and twenty miles up the Rhine. The Rhine in some parts, from Cologne to Mayence, is rather narrow, seemed to be not more than a mile wide, so we were quite near the shores, and had a good view of the cities on each side as we passed along; we saw vineyards on both sides of the river, reaching away up the sides of the mountains as far as the eye could reach.

The day was lovely and warm. The passengers sat on deck and enjoyed the beautiful scenery. We had lunch and dinner on the deck, everything served in good style. We had the pleasure of meeting a gentleman and his wife, also tourists, they were from Bournemouth, England. We were sorry to

say goodbye to them at Mayence. We landed there, they went farther on.

We arrived in Mayence about 9 P. M., and put up at the Hotel Holland. Next day we went by train to Heidelberg. After lunch we drove around the city, visited a large old castle up on one of the hills. The drive was very enjoyable, and the view from the hills grand. In the cellar of the castle we saw a wine cask, the largest in the world. It is twenty four feet high, holds over a quarter of a million bottles of wine. We walked up some steps and sat for a while on top of the huge cask.

#### SWITZERLAND

Sept. 11th. We arrived in Interlaken, a beautiful spot in the Alps. We went to the hotel Metropole. We had an elegant room. From the windows we could see distant mountains, snow capped and glistening in the sunshine, the near ones were green with lovely trees; there were pretty Swiss cottages peeping through the foliage, pretty gardens with bright flowers; a winding river down the valley completed a beautiful picture.

Next morning we went to church. I must say here that nearly every church we went to, the Minister and others seemed to know that we were strangers, and would come to shake hands with us, which made us feel

that after all, we are brothers and sisters the world over. In the afternoon we went down the lake Thun in a nice steamer to a place called the gorge of the Aar river. The gorge is a cleft in the mountains. I don't know how far the cleft extends, we walked more than a mile, and returned. The chasm in some places, is perhaps twenty yards wide, in others about two or three. A very swift stream flows through it. We were told that the stream was eighty feet deep; the rock on both sides is very high, about four hundred feet. On one side of the stream, for more than a mile, there is a plank walk about four feet wide, with an iron rail: it winds in and out just as the stream goes, and some places through short tunnels; here and there seats where weary ones can rest, in dear little grottos cut in the rock. Some places, in looking up through the cleft, we could see a bit of blue sky, it was all very wonderful. As we walked back to the entrance of the gorge, we went into a pretty chalet, with vine covered verandas, beautiful flowers, and had hot coffee and cake. After buying some pretty things, we got into our carriage, which was waiting for us, and drove back to the steamer about a mile away. After leaving the boat we had to ride a couple of miles in the electric cars and about one mile in the hotel bus.

One morning we had breakfast quite early, and were driven to the cars that go up the mountain, (one of the Alps), height some ten thousand feet. The train consisted of two cars and an engine.

The engine goes behind the cars and pushes them up. The track is quite narrow and the road very steep; looking down from the car window made me almost dizzy. Some places the houses in the valleys looked like toys, they were so far below us. But it was a most delightful sight,—the valleys among the different peaks, with their pretty houses and green fields and lovely gardens, bright with flowers. Along the sides of the road, growing in the crevices of the rock, there would be such pretty blue flowers, and indeed all colors; but I thought the bluebells so very pretty.

After we had reached the top of the mountain we had lunch at a very fine hotel. After satisfying our appetites with the good fare provided for us, we were shown some splendid St. Bernard dogs. One dog in his day had saved 150 lives: his labors are over. He is stuffed and kept for the good that he has done. If he had done such good deeds in England he would have had a costly monument erected to his memory.

We saw some people with long staffs in their hands, climbing up some of the icy

mountain sides. I think they were fond of adventure.

Some places on the sides of the ice covered mountains there are wide cracks where they would have to jump across, in other places the snow was quite deep.

There were three tourists that same day, smothered in the snow that had swirled down off the higher peaks, on them; one of their party, I don't know how, was saved, but the other three were dead; their bodies were brought down in our train to Lucerne.

We went through a tunnel in the mountains, three miles long; it was quite dark except here and there; we saw a lamp at some open places in the tunnel; the cars stopped to let the passengers get out to look down the mountain side; at one place the snow drifted around us, and we had a jolly snowball fight. The snow was soft and didn't feel very cold. We had a very pleasant time, and made many friends.

Coming back, the road was all down grade. When we got back the hotel bus was waiting for us, and we got home for seven o'clock dinner.

Next day in Lucerne we went to see the cathedral of St. Leodegar, said to have been built in the eighth century, and restored after a fire in 1633.

The carved pulpit and pillars and altars are very beautiful and costly. The organ is

one of the best in the world. While we were in Lucerne there was an organ recital every evening, from half past six to half past seven. Every one had to be on time. If a minute later than half past six, there was no admission, the doors were locked. One of the pieces we heard played was called "The Storm," which was truly grand.

The cemetery near this church was very odd. It is not very large and is laid off in terraces, most of them under a roof with a stone floor, which is all taken up with burial slabs, and the sides of the terraces with vaults. Another place we saw the Lion of Lucerne; it is carved on the side of a solid rock, in memory of soldiers of the Swiss guard who fell in battle in 1792.

Some of the stores are very fine, and were a delight to me. By some of the shop doors on the sidewalk, girls were sitting, making lace, and embroidering handkerchiefs, etc.

One day we went with some friends and a guide to a mountain called Rigi, it is about six thousand feet high. We drove from our hotel to the lake of Lucerne, then by steamer about four miles. After landing we got in a train of two cars with the engine in the rear, which pushed the cars up; it was a very steep road, in some places looking down the sheer rock one would wonder that the train did not rush back and go over, but of course it was a cog road and there was not

much danger of it doing so. Here and there we stopped at a station and women came to the cars with baskets of beautiful fruit to sell. Some one in the company always treated, so we had a lovely time.

We arrived at the summit of the mountain at half past twelve, and went to a very fine hotel for dinner, and a splendid dinner it was, and so with good company and good appetites, we spent a pleasant hour at table. After dinner we went out to look down on the world from the top of the mountain.

Some of these mountains have many hotels, and very large ones they are. I did so wish to stay there for a month. I love the mountain air, it is so pure, and the scenery so grand; the sunsets are magnificent.

Near some of the hotels, women had tables in the fields, (there are green fields even in those high mountains) where one can buy post cards, and many pretty toys and walking canes, pipes, etc.

Some of the women spoke English quite well, others not one word; one woman took us to her cottage to see her baby girl, she was a little beauty, with large brown eyes and curly brown hair, we all wanted to take her home with us. Looking down from the mountain top, we saw lovely valleys, dotted over with pretty farmhouses. Here and there a village, with a glimpse of beautiful

blue lakes. Sometimes snow white fleecy clouds would sweep down, covering up the valleys from our sight, then in a little while they would blow away and the bright sunshine would flood the valley and the mountain peaks, a gorgeous sight, nothing more beautiful in the world.

### ITALY

I wanted to stay in Switzerland, but we had to keep moving to get in as much as we could, so one fine morning we found ourselves in the train once more, on our way to Milan. When we arrived there, we hired a guide to show us around. We first went to Milan's great cathedral. The stained glass windows were splendid. There are many cardinals buried beneath the slabs on the floor, and high up in the vaulted roof their red hats are to be seen hanging on a wire which reaches the length of the church on either side.

There are many fine paintings on the walls and above the altars. After seeing some other churches and fine buildings we were taken to see a cemetery, which was like a small city, with so many beautiful and costly monuments, and elegant marble statuary. Some of the tombs were like small palaces, the pillars and steps and sculpture must have cost enormously. The gate-



way was through a very high stone arch, and the roadways inside were like velvet, the flowers and shrubs were very beautiful; one thing seemed very odd to me, many of those tombs had a photo of the departed ones set in the marble.

There are many splendid shops in Milan.

After a few days spent in Milan we went to Venice. We arrived at six o'clock in the evening, very tired from our long warm ride in the train. I must say though that the cars were very comfortable: they were compartment, vestibule cars, which was very nice, for we could walk from one compartment to another, which made variety. The scenery along the route was lovely. When we arrived at the Canal in Venice, the gondolas (cabs of Venice) were thickly gathered along the side of the bank, and such a clatter as they made, every gondolier shouting for passengers. I was glad that we had an Italian guide. All we had to do was to walk down the stone stairway into the gondola, which by the way was like an ordinary cab inside, the boat itself is quite long, with a high peak in the front, something like a swan's neck and head; the cab part is in the centre of the boat. There is a small deck on each end, on the back one the gondolier stands, and propels the boat along with one very long oar, and steers at the same time. We had to go about a mile to the hotel,

which was a very fine one; had once in the balmy days of Venice been a palace. We landed by white marble steps and were welcomed by the host, and shown to beautiful rooms. Next day we went to see some of the splendid buildings, churches, picture galleries, stores, etc. The palace of the Doges, or Dukes, had many beautiful paintings and rich carvings.

Another fine building had a clock tower, built in 1496. The hours are struck on a huge bell, by two bronze men with heavy hammers. We saw the bridge of sighs, where prisoners were led across to prison, and to death.

We walked over the Rialto bridge. It was built in 1588, and was the only bridge over the grand Canal until 1854. It is a marble arch of 74 feet span, and 32 feet high. There are small shops on the bridge. Another beautiful part of Venice we visited called Lido, a bathing resort, where thousands go bathing in the Adriatic. The Excelsior Palace Hotel is magnificent, the gardens around delightful, the view from the top of the tower is wonderful.

One day as we were walking by the grand canal, a funeral came along from a church near us. First there came a band of music playing softly, then a group of girls dressed in white with long garlands of flowers round their necks, then four men dressed in white,

carrying a white canopy under which a priest walked, then the bier, carried by four men; behind them came the mourners. When they came to the canal there was a gondola draped in black, with others waiting for them. One day we passed by Desdemona's palace, spoken of by Shakespeare. I did so enjoy the gondolas, they seemed to glide along so quietly; some of the gondoliers, belonging to private families, I suppose, were dressed in velvet, with white stockings and white ruffles at their wrists and down the front of their short jackets, short pants to the knee, and large soft felt hats. They did look so nice; some had black suits, others had brown or blue and so on.

After spending a few delightful days, seeing the sights and visiting the beautiful shops and bazaars, we said goodbye to the Hotel Danieli, and started for Florence, a ride in the cars of about 186 miles, over a very rough road, but through a continuous vineyard of grapes, peaches, olives, and many other kinds of fruit. We were about six hours reaching Florence. We went to a hotel called the Great Briton, beside the the river Arno. While there we visited the great cathedral, the baptistry, and other fine buildings. One day we drove to the villa, on a high hill where Michael Angelo spent most of his life; later we saw where he was buried.

In the cathedral we saw some of his beautiful paintings. One of the Art Galleries especially beautiful was called the Portico degli Uffizi, erected by Vasari, in 1560. In the second story of the building is the famous Uffizi gallery founded by the Medici, one of the largest and choicest collections in the world. The hall known as the Tribune is the inner sanctuary of this temple of art, (the richest room in all the world) containing the Venus de Medici, the dancing fawn, the Apollino, the Wrestlers, and other marvels of ancient sculpture.

In paintings, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, and other great masters, are represented by some of their best works. Besides the paintings and sculptures there is a rich collection of Etruscan and Italo-Grecian vases, cabinets of coins, gems, etc.

In a church called St. Marco, we saw a very wonderful painting, by Ghirlandajo; it was The last Supper of Christ and his disciples; really the figures seemed to be alive. They sat out so, on the canvas, that I found myself stepping softly lest I should disturb them; it was a very large picture, taking in the whole end of the room. We visited many other beautiful buildings and interesting places; then we left for Rome, Rome where I never expected to go. I thought surely I must be dreaming. We left Florence at one o'clock P. M. We had a very

rough ride in the train, but through beautiful scenery for more than a hundred miles of vineyards. At the stations women and boys brought fruit and wine to sell, the grapes were sweet and luscious, and very cheap. Every one who owns a bit of land has grape vines, and mulberry trees. The mulberry leaves are gathered, while tender and sold to people who raise silk worms.

All my life I have wished to go to Rome, and how strange it seems to be in the land where St. Paul and St. Peter lived and wrote many of their epistles! We put up at the Hotel Metropolitan, a very fine building, the parlors and dining rooms were elegant, the floors inlaid and tiled.

In Rome we had a guide for the city besides our travelling guide. He was a gentleman in every way, knew the whole history of Rome, and explained everything to us, which made our sightseeing very interesting.

Our first visit was to St. Peter's Cathedral. It stands on the site of the Circus of Nero, where many Christians were martyred, and where St. Peter is said to have been buried, after his crucifixion. The church is 696 feet in length, 450 in breadth through the transepts, the height of the nave is 150, and the interior of the dome 403 feet, the diameter of the dome 138 feet. The pictures in the dome look like beautiful

oil paintings, but are done in mosaic and gold. Near the main altar in the middle of the floor there is a large beautiful four-pillared monument of richly colored marble, with high canopy top of mosaics and gold; at the base of this monument, there is a crypt which forms a large circle in the floor, and has a marble rail around it; there are 89 lamps burning continuously around this rail. There are two gates in the rail, with short flights of marble steps leading down to the tomb of St. Peter. His bones are inclosed in a golden urn, and kept in a glass and gold case, very costly. There are many statues of saints throughout St. Peter's, some of enormous size, but being set high up in niches, they do not appear so very large.

There is one statue of St. Peter cast in bronze, he is sitting on a chair with his feet on the edge of the pedestal, the toes of his right foot are quite worn away by worshippers kissing them.

Our guide took us to see the ecclesiastical robes, which the Cardinals and Bishops wear when officiating in the church. They were magnificent, cream colored satin heavily trimmed with silver and jewels, some were red, nearly covered with gold lace and gems, hats covered with gold and jewels. I thought how very fortunate we were to be allowed to see all those beautiful things.

A priest unlocked a great many doors and

showed us the gold and silver and crystal flagons and cups, used in their service. To me they were a most wonderful sight, and I thought it a great privilege to see so much wealth.

It seemed strange also—so much wealth locked up in a church and so many poor hungry people in the streets. I have not seen so many cripples and poor people in all my travels as I have seen in Rome. We went to the Vatican one day, and were shown through the Pope's library and picture gallery.

The beautiful paintings, mostly by Michael Angelo, were chiefly pictures of the bible ages. The marble statuary was elegant and costly, probably the best in the world. The palace of the Vatican has been the residence of the Popes dating back as far as 1377. Its length is 1151 feet, its breadth 767, and it is said to contain 11,000 rooms, great and small. In the picture gallery were many choice paintings, among them *the Transfiguration*, *the Madonna*, by Michael Angelo.

The Cappella, Sistina, or Sistine Chapel, built in 1473, is 133 feet long and 45 wide; the ceiling is covered with frescoes by Michael Angelo, the sides decorated by some of the other great Florentine masters.

On the altar wall is the great fresco of the Last Judgment, painted by Michael An-

gelo. It took him seven years to paint it. It is a wonderful picture, and one that commands close attention. In this Chapel, the Pope preaches at times. There is a raised dais, with a chair, or throne, especially for him. While we were in the Chapel there were some workmen mending the inlaid tile floor, and the throne was taken off the dais and stood back by the wall.

I did so want to sit on that throne, so watched my chance and while a number of visitors were going out, I got around to it and sat down for an instant. The chair had a chain across it to keep people off, but I pushed it aside. I just barely escaped being seen by the guard.

We had some beautiful drives through Rome; one was up to the top of the Pincian hill. We could see the whole city of Rome, a beautiful sight. On this hill were lovely gardens, and trees, shady walks, some splendid statues, one particularly fine was Garibaldi on horse back in bronze.

Another beautiful church we visited, the church of San Giovanni. It is the church of the Pope, as bishop of Rome. Here his coronation takes place. Over the front entrance there is a balcony, from which, every Ascension Day the Pope blesses the people. The interior of the church is very beautiful in religious pictures, in mosaic and rich oil paintings.



In this church we saw the first throne of the Popes; it was made of marble, but being broken it was put aside with other antiques. By permission I sat on that throne also.

A block of polished granite inserted in the wall of the church, was said to be the stone whereon the soldiers cast dice, for the Lord's vesture, which was without seam and could not be parted. (Strange, in Jerusalem we were shown another.) I don't think either one was the real one. Along farther a slab of marble upheld by four pillars was said to be the height of Christ. I wonder if anyone is so foolish as to believe all this nonsense.

In another church, the Scala Santa, there is a flight of 28 marble steps reputed to be from the house of Pilate, and trodden by the feet of Jesus; they were white marble, covered with wood to protect them from the wear of devotees; no one is allowed to go up them except on their knees, and thousands go up and kiss every step as they go.

We went next to see the state apartments of the King and Queen of Italy. We went into a spacious marble hall, then up wide shallow steps about thirty in number, carpeted in thick soft carpet, so there was no sound when we walked. One room was full of glass cases, where we saw some very costly treasures, gold and silver plate and jewels. We were taken through many beau-

tiful rooms, some of them hung in tapestry, some brocade satin, each in a different color. The furniture in each room was upholstered to match the walls. One room was in green, another yellow, another blue. The throne room was beautiful in crimson and gold. The throne was on a raised dais of four circular steps, covered with soft carpet. Above the throne was a canopy top with a gold crown and long curtains that reached the floor. The curtains were crimson velvet trimmed with gold lace and fringe. I was one of the last ones leaving the room, the guards were walking ahead. As they passed through a door, opening into another room, I made a dash up the throne steps, and sat for one brief moment on the throne of the King of Italy. I finally caught up to my friends, trying to look calm, but my heart going pit-a-pat.

There is another church that I must mention. I forgot to write down the name of it. However, we were taken down beneath the first floor, where we saw several rooms, the ceilings and sides of them decorated with the bones of dead monks. The ceilings were done in patterns, with the small bones of the hands and feet, the corners of the rooms with the hipbones and skulls, the long bones filling in designs on the walls; several skeletons were dressed in brown robes, standing with cowls on their heads and a book in

their hands. A gruesome sight! How much better it would be to bury those poor bones, but of course everyone who goes to look at them pays a fee, and so a lot of idle men live off the dead. I could not help wondering how they cleaned all those bones before they decorated the rooms.

There are many other places I would like to mention which we saw, the Catacombs, where we went down in underground passages, carrying lighted candles in our hands. We could see the places in the walls where bodies had been laid hundreds of years ago, now some are just empty spaces, others sealed up.

The Colosseum, which at one time accommodated eighty seven thousand people, though in ruins, is still a wonderful sight. Walking around the arena, I shuddered to think of the awful deeds done there, of the many martyrs torn to pieces by savage beasts; but not more savage than the people who gathered there.

Soon we shall have to say goodbye to beautiful Rome, with its splendid palaces, and lovely gardens, and fountains, and I have not said all that I would like to say about the Eternal City, a city founded more than seven hundred years before the birth of Christ. But I shall always and often think of my visit there.

Monday, Sept. 27th. We arrived in

Naples about seven o'clock P. M. As we neared the city there was a rush to the windows of the car, to see Vesuvius, the first volcano we had ever seen; there was a cloud of steam pouring out of the top; in the distance it looked like a huge tree. Later I stood on the edge of the crater and looked down into it.

After leaving the train we drove to a hotel away up the mountain side, which runs back from the bay, looking down from the hotel, the Parker House. We had a splendid view of the city, down the slopes of the hills, the houses looked so white and pretty among the lovely green trees. The soft pale green pepper trees with their red berries, being especially pretty. The fig trees, too, with their green and purple fruit were fine to see. Down on the level part of the city, there are beautiful shops. The streets are not very wide, still they have good electric car service. There is a lovely park close by the bay, with beautiful trees, shrubs and flowers and nice seats under the palm trees.

I loved to sit down and feast my eyes on the beautiful scenery.

We hired a nice carriage several days and drove around the city and to points high up in the mountain side, where we had beautiful views of the harbor, and Vesuvius in the distance. There is a very fine museum in Naples, where thousands of relics from the

ruins of Pompeii, and beautiful statuary, are to be seen.

One day we went in a pretty little steamer down to the island of Capri, to see the blue Grotto. The day was just lovely, the water smooth and blue as indigo; we were about two hours going. On board there were men selling coral beads and other jewelry. They were experts at their trade, and made people buy, if it was only to get rid of them. There was a band of musicians on board, who played beautiful airs, and sang Italian songs of which I knew not one word. Still I liked their singing. When we arrived near the shore where the Grotto was, the steamer anchored, then a fleet of small boats came alongside, to take tourists into the cove. We went down a stairway on the steamerside, and got in a small boat, each boat took two passengers; after rowing about a hundred yards our boatman told us to sit down in the bottom of the boat, as we had to go through a very small opening in the base of the mountain. There was a rope rail on the inside of the cave. The boatman caught that and passed the boat through for a few yards, and then we were in the beautiful grotto. Inside is a space about 175 feet by 100, and 41 feet high, illuminated only by the entrance and by the reflection from the bottom 60 feet below. The water in the cave looks like blue flame.

As we were rowed around inside, the water dropping from the oars looked like strings of pearls. It was certainly a beautiful sight and one which I shall never forget. After leaving the grotto we went back to the steamer and went down about a mile to the village, where we had again to take row boats to go ashore. We went up the mountain side to a pretty hotel covered with vines, where we had a very nice lunch; we had our lunch on a wide veranda which was covered overhead with beautiful vines. While eating we could look down on the lovely blue sea. While we ate, the same musicians who were on the boat, put in an appearance, and after playing some lovely music passed a hat around for a donation and then left us in peace. Late in the afternoon we again went on board our steamer and after a delightful trip got back to our hotel.

Next day we drove to the train, and after two hours driving through beautiful vineyards and very steep hills, we arrived at the ruins of Pompeii. A great many houses have been exhumed from the ashes and lava caused by the eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79 A. D., which covered the whole city with pumice stone and ashes to the depth of from ten to fifteen feet.

Some of the buildings must have been very beautiful in their day, but sad to see now, only some of the walls and stairways

are standing. Places like the Forum, with wide, marble floors, and pillars beautifully carved, are really worth seeing. Many of the streets have been cleared, they are mostly very narrow, and paved with large flat stones, the sidewalks are very narrow and much higher than the street.

There is quite a large museum there, where we saw some beautiful glass vases, and jars, and a great deal of gold and silver jewelry, which had been taken from the ruins. There were a number of bodies in glass cases, of men and women, which looked as if they were made of stone; we saw some bread and beef in pans taken from some of the ovens, which also looked like stone. There was a very great deal to see, and we wished that we had more time to wander from street to street.

The way the ruins were found, we were told, happened this way: No one knew where Pompeii had stood, for all the district far and near was covered up, and after hundreds of years some men were sinking a well and dug into a house. The government began to excavate and located the city.

There are hundreds of houses still to be uncovered, as there seems to be a large mound stretching far away.

One morning we had an early breakfast, and started to see Vesuvius. We went by train about 18 miles, then we went by bus

to the cog train that goes up the mountain. We went up about five miles in it, all the way up we passed through fields of grape vines loaded with purple fruit, and groves of olive trees and plums, and nuts, and lovely flowers; soon we came to the end of vegetation, about a mile or more from the top of the mountain; then we saw only black lava and ashes. We came to the end of the car track, where we got out and found a nice hotel, and guides waiting with horses and men to take visitors to the top to see the crater; some of our party went up on horse back, but one lady and myself were carried on chairs, set on a litter and carried by four men on their shoulders. I was perched up pretty high, and I assure you I was very glad when the top was reached.

They charge 15 francs for a chair, but before you reach the top, they try their best to get as many more from you. Italy certainly takes first place for beggars. The path up the mountain is a zigzag one with many sharp turns, some places so narrow that if the men had stumbled we would have been thrown down the fearfully steep side of the mountain. Several times we got down and walked, the men helping us along. At a bend in the path near the top, a man was sitting, with some kind of drinks for sale, our men immediately were so thirsty they could not go another step, so after bothering



us for money and getting refreshed, we finally reached the top, where we joined the rest of the party who had gone before us on horseback.

-When we stood on the edge of the crater and looked down into the great basin, about a mile across, and I think almost as deep, with the steam bursting out of the cracks in its sides, and rising up in clouds, we could hear a loud gurgling sound away down at the bottom of the crater, like stones washing around in water.

Three years before we were there the volcano had an eruption, ashes flew from it all over Naples, to quite a depth; on one side of the mountain there is, as it were, a great black river, reaching for miles, of solid lava, full of ridges and waves; what a fearful sight it must have been when it came flowing red hot, down the mountain side, covering up everything in its mad career! After coming down to the hotel and having dinner, we took the train for Naples, stopping at Resina for a while. Resina is built over the sunken city of Herculaneum, which was destroyed at the same time Pompeii was.

### SPAIN AND MOROCCO

We are leaving Naples to-morrow for Gibraltar. I am not very sorry to leave Naples. The scenery is just delightful, but

the people are not very nice, their main object seems to be to fleece every stranger they see.

Well we are off for Gibraltar and our ship goes along so steadily over the calm blue water; oh, how lovely the Mediterranean Sea looks in the sunshine, blue as indigo!

We have met some very nice people on board, some are bound for the United States; all seem to have had a good time, but are glad to be going home. I wish that we were going home too. The folks that we have travelled with, will leave us at Gibraltar, or rather we leave them, they go on but we will stay here a while, and go over to Spain and Morocco.

Sunday, Oct. 3rd. A lovely day, too warm for wraps; after breakfast we went on deck for a stroll, at ten thirty we went to divine service, in the dining saloon, conducted by a Methodist clergyman. The sermon was simple and heart reaching. We all felt better after it. It seemed more impressive, being on the ocean, with no land in sight.

Towards evening as my husband was writing at one of the tables in the saloon, he saw smoke coming through the casing by his side; he called the steward, and after a while they had to pull down some of the wall and ceiling and found quite a fire, caused by a faulty electric wire; they

had quite a time getting it put out. If every one had been in bed there would likely have been a serious fire. In the evening we walked the deck for a while, then sat in our deck chairs and talked with friends, and went afterwards to look over the rail of the emigrants' deck, at the Italians dancing. There were seven hundred men, women and children, going to New York; they all seemed happy. The evening was lovely when the bright moon rose over the sea.

Monday morning. Bright sunshine, balmy air, good in everything; we land at Gibraltar this afternoon; we have made a change in our plans, we have decided to go with a friend to Palestine.

It seems a very long trip, but we will get home just as soon as we had planned at first. I expect we shall enjoy seeing the lands of our dear Bible.

How strange it seems to me to be really going to Jerusalem — something I never thought possible!

We landed at Gibraltar about two o'clock P. M., and put up at the Hotel Bristol, the best one in the town, very plain but with a good table; we went with some friends for a drive around the town, which did not take very long to do, as there are few streets to drive on. Nevertheless, they have a fine public garden with lovely trees, palms and flowers. It is very warm at Gibraltar and

they grow some oranges, bananas and other fruit.

The great fortress is a wonderful sight. The lofty rock is full of holes for cannon to shoot through. We had a permit to go through the citadel, being British subjects.

This morning we hired a Moorish guide, to take us over to Tangier in Morocco; he is a queer looking chap: he wears a little red cap, with white muslin coiled around it, a long loose flowing yellow robe, with wide knickerbockers of the same color, no stockings, shoes without heels, his feet just stuck in them. I wonder they do not drop off. His skin looks like very brown paper; his name is Mustapha.

We are going over in a pretty pleasure steamer, across the straits of Gibraltar; the water is like glass, there was a large number of passengers going over. I think we were only about three hours or so going over, arriving in the harbor of Tangier. The anchor was dropped about a mile from shore, and we were landed on shore by row-boats. The city looked very pretty from the steamer. The harbor is surrounded by high hills; the city has a high wall around it, the wall and all the buildings seemed to be built of white stone and from the harbor make a beautiful sight, with the green of beautiful trees and vines, intermingled. But inside

the city is the most filthy place I have ever been in, except Tiberias.

We stayed at the Continental Hotel for a few days, while we explored the city and part of the surrounding country. The streets of Tangier are only about twelve feet wide and paved with small stones of all shapes and are difficult to walk on. There are no carriages of any kind in the city, not even a wheelbarrow; all burdens are carried on the backs of mules and donkeys. The streets are most filthy, the smell and flies are really sickening.

The men look so queer, and yet very nice, in their long flowing robes; their dress is somewhat after this fashion: yellow slippers without heels, no stockings, or some will have white stockings, or yellow; very wide trousers gathered at the knee, a brown jacket trimmed with black braid, a wide scarf of red around the waist; over all, a long white or yellow robe with wide sleeves, and a very large hood on the robe; on the head a red fez cap with white muslin coiled around it. The women were enveloped in what seemed to be a large white shawl, with one corner coming over the face: they go gliding quietly along speaking to no one, like so many ghosts.

One morning we went to see the shops; they were very small, some of them have no entrance, just a large open window, with a

counter across it, the man selling goods sits cross legged on it, people buying standing outside. The market was very odd, a large square with many narrow streets running into it, some of the streets or lanes were roofed over, which kept off the glare of the hot sun. There was meat in some of the stalls in all conditions, some pretty well cooked, with the sun, and some so tainted and covered with flies, that I had to put my handkerchief over my nose; but there were people buying it, who seemed to think it just right. I wondered if I could ever eat meat again. There were heaps of fresh fish (at least they probably were fresh once) lying on the dirty stone pavement, covered with flies. I stepped quickly past them; there were long lines of stalls with great heaps of beautiful sweet grapes, and other fruits, great heaps of onions, and other vegetables. Some of the women sitting in the sunshine selling stuff had hats as large as umbrellas. I stopped to admire some of them and the women, though they could not speak English, yet seemed to know why I noticed their hats and were quite pleased that I did so. One night our guide, Mustapha, who came from Gibraltar, procured another of the city, and took us to see a gambling den. We were taken through dark streets with just a lantern to give us light: the streets were very dirty, but we plodded along, following

our leaders, till we came to a dark building; they opened a door and took us up a dark and dirty stairway, into a room where we saw a great many pairs of slippers by the door: the men going in to play remove their soiled slippers and put on others, perhaps not so soiled. The room we entered had a very nice square of carpet on the floor, and the men playing cards sat on the carpet, with little heaps of money by them; they were very quiet, and didn't seem to mind us looking at them. They had some five or six musicians, sitting back of them by the wall, playing on the oddest looking violins, and flutes. But their music sounded very nice. The men held the violins by the shank with the large part on the knee; they sang some songs, but not being educated in Arabic we did not understand the words.

While we sat there a waiter brought in some black coffee. I managed to drink some but it was not very nice, as at that time I had not learned to like such strong coffee, but after travelling in the East, where we often had it, I quite liked it. After sitting a while and buying some trinkets from the waiter we started back to the hotel, our guides lighting us along with their lanterns.

One day we went away up on the hills, back of the city, past the military barracks. My husband and a friend with us rode on horses. I had a donkey, with a boy to run

alongside. He used to give the donkey's tail a yank to make him go faster. The saddle I sat on was like a chair turned sideways. The guide called it a side saddle. Perhaps it was, but I never saw one like it before. I wish I could have brought it home, I would have sent it to the museum. We were taken to a small village on the hill, where the houses were all made of willows tied together, for walls and roof. It is quite a true saying that one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives. The people in this village make a living by making pottery from the soil near them. The basins and jugs that we saw were as rough looking as the folks who were making them.

The Mohammedans are having a month's fasting, at this time; they fast from sunrise till sunset, then they can eat all through the night if they wish to. When we were leaving the hotel, all the waiters, errand boys, bootblacks, and donkey drivers, and many others, were lined up in the lobby waiting for a tip. No matter how often you tip them, they must have a parting tip. This tipping business has got to be a complete nuisance.

While waiting on the deck of our steamer, just before we left the harbor, I was interested in another steamer taking on board a number of horses and cattle. They were



brought from the shore to the steamer in a scow. Then the cattle were hoisted, two at a time, by a rope tied around their horns and swung from the scow up in the air, then down on the steamer deck; they were hoisted by an engine, the horses had a broad band around their bodies to hoist them by; the poor beasts were so scared, I nearly got sick looking at them, and had to go to the other side of the ship so that I could not see them. We came back to Gibraltar in the cool of the evening, after a lovely trip over the smooth blue water.

Next morning we arose quite early, about four o'clock, had breakfast, and were driven to the steamer that crosses from Gibraltar to Algeciras, where we took a train for Granada, a city in Spain, a distance of one hundred and forty miles, mostly through a sandy country; the only forest trees we saw were corkwood trees; nearly all the trees were stripped of their bark from the high branches to the ground; the great trees looked like a flock of shorn sheep. We saw great piles of cork bundled up ready to put on the cars for shipment, and many cars loaded. I don't know how long it takes the bark to grow again on the trees; strange that the trees are not killed, by taking off their bark. We also saw thousands of olive trees laden with fruit. They must pay well to raise, as they seem to grow anywhere. We saw long

trains of cars with loads of white beets going to the sugar mills.

After a very rough and dusty drive we arrived in Granada and put up at the Washington Irving Hotel, a lovely place away up the mountain side; our carriage drive up the mountain was lovely, by a winding beautiful road, under great spreading shade trees.

Next day we went to see the Alhambra, an old Moorish palace, built in the eleventh century. Some of the rooms and courts are beautiful, built of finest marble and stucco. One of the bathrooms was splendid, the floors, bath, pillars and walls were of mottled marble, the bath was large enough for six or more to use at once. In one corner of the room there was a perforated place like a shallow basin in the floor, where perfume was sprayed on the ladies after their bath.

There was so much to see in this beautiful marble palace, it would take a whole week to go through every part of it. It had its horrors, too; in bygone days many a brave man was murdered there, and many died in those dark dungeons under the building.

We were taken by our guide to see the Cathedral, which is one of the sights of Granada. It is very rich in carved woodwork and beautiful altars, one in particular, presented by King Ferdinand and

Queen Isabella, in the fifteenth century; it must have cost a great deal; it seemed to be covered with gold.

There are two organs in the Cathedral, more than two hundred years old; they are simply splendid.

We were taken to see the monastery, which was very grand. Inside the Chapel the doors were inlaid with tortoise shell and pearl and fancy marble, the fronts of the altars were covered with the most beautiful mottled marble that I have ever seen; it was quarried from the Sierra Nevada Mountains. We also saw the crypt where King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain are buried; also Philip I and his wife, who was called "Crazy Jane". Just above the crypt the beautiful marble tombs of three Kings and their Queens are to be seen, carved out of the most beautiful white marble, their forms beautifully molded, and crowns on their heads; the pedestals supporting them were works of rare art. I cannot do justice in describing them.

One afternoon we drove high up on the hills, to see some gypsies' houses; they are cut in the solid rock of the mountain; we went inside one of them and found it very clean and comfortable; there were four or five rooms of very good size and nicely furnished; there were a number of girls and children, one dear little boy about three

years old. I took him up in my arms, he was so sweet and clean; his father played a mandolin, and the dear little fellow danced and kept time with his hands. I was delighted with him and was sorry to say goodbye. They all treated us with great respect, especially after we gave them some money, but I noticed that a policeman walked beside our carriage while we drove around to see the houses. A great many women ran after our carriage to sell things to us, and would have been very troublesome if the policeman had not been there.

Next morning, coming down the mountain side from the hotel, the drive was lovely and cool under the great shade trees; they met over our heads all the way down to the city. Two English ladies came down in the bus with us. They had been to Madrid and Seville, and had seen a bull fight. I quite envied them, for that was what we wanted to see. (Afterward I saw one in Mexico and I never want to see another.)

We had lunch in Granada, and after looking through some of the fine stores and buying some things, we took the train for Algeciras, where we took the steamer for Gibraltar. The steamer was crowded with people who had been picnicing in Algeciras. We were dusty and tired with our long ride in the train, and the cool sea breeze was so refreshing; we were about two hours crossing

the straits, and were glad when we got back to the Bristol and had a good rest.

The people in Spain have little regard for Sunday. We saw men working with mules hauling loads of stuff, others ploughing in the fields, on Sunday the same as any other day. I am glad that I do not live in Spain. I saw very few Spanish women with hats on: they all seem to have beautiful hair and just wear lace thrown over their heads. We are getting ready today to go to Marseilles, so had to hurry and get some shopping done; there are such lovely Maltese lace handkerchiefs in the stores here; I have not seen such nice ones anywhere else, so will treat myself before I go.

We left Gibraltar yesterday by steamer *Mongolian* for Marseilles, where we hope to land tomorrow. The steamer stays there twenty-four hours, which will give us time to see some of the city.

We landed about nine o'clock this morning. After breakfast we went on shore and took a tramcar into the city, where we found fifteen letters and some papers from friends at home. My, it was good to hear from home!

While we were doing some shopping, there was a heavy shower which lasted nearly half an hour, then the sun shone out and the day was very fine. We went back to the steamer, had lunch, then hired a carriage

and had a beautiful drive around the city, through lovely avenues, seeing elegant residences of rich people. Then we drove a few miles along the sea shore, where we saw pretty bathing houses, and tea gardens, huge rocks, and lovely flowers, and shade trees; altogether a lovely drive. We went to see the Church of Notre-Dame de la Garde, which stands on a very high hill, where one has a fine view of the city and harbor. We went up from the base of the hill in a cog car, straight up about four hundred feet. At first I thought that I would get dizzy, but I did not mind after we got started. There were about twenty in the car. The church can be seen from nearly every part of the city. It is quite near the harbor. On the steeple of the church there is an image of the Virgin in bronze, gilded with gold and it glitters in the sun, and can be seen for many miles.

The church is large and built of gray stone, very beautiful outside, but not very nice inside. There are many small oil paintings on the walls, and other things, such as swords, little ships, etc., given by people who have had special blessings, from the Virgin in answer to their prayers. After driving till near six o'clock we paid our guide and returned to our steamer.

## EGYPT

The month is flitting away, and this morning we start for Port Said. A large number of passengers came on board, mostly English, some are going to India, some to Palestine and a great many to Australia. There is nothing to do now but eat and sleep for a week.

Sunday, Oct. 17th. A lovely day, had breakfast at half past eight; eleven o'clock we went to Divine Service; the dining saloon was well filled; the service was very nice, and everyone joined in the singing. After service there was a dress parade of the crew. They were all East India men, they wore white pants, long white coats, white turbans with a rose colored silk scarf wound around them, the ends hanging down to their shoulders; they looked just fine with their dark faces and bright eyes.

There are many officers and their families going to Calcutta and Bombay. The nurses and children have their dinner at twelve o'clock in the dining saloon. I don't know where they get their other meals.

We landed at Port Said the 19th at twelve o'clock, had lunch on the steamer, and left on a tender for the railway depot, where we arrived in about fifteen minutes.

Cook's man met us at the wharf and took us to the train: we had a compartment to

ourselves, so were very comfortable. The journey to Cairo, the city of the Caliphs, was very interesting. The first part was through a sandy plain, quite close to the Suez canal. We passed a large steamer in the canal at a distance. It seemed to be going just through the sand. After a while the train left the wide canal and ran in a different direction by a smaller one all the way to Cairo; some places we saw beautiful water lilies, large blossoms, pink and blue, and white.

We got to Cairo about six o'clock, and were met by a man from Cook's who took us to one of the best hotels, Shepherd's. It looked like one you might read about in the Arabian Nights. It was once a palace; it is built somewhat square, in the centre there is a lovely garden with palms and beautiful vines, and flowers; the dining room, or part of it, opened into this garden; it was more like a wide veranda; it was very cool, and at night very pretty, with the stars shining overhead, and the air filled with the sweet scent of flowers.

The waiters were dressed in long loose white trousers gathered around the ankle, red shoes with pointed turned up toes, red fez caps, with black tassel hanging over one side, red short coats trimmed with gold braid, over a white blouse, which with their dark complexion, made them very interest-



ing to us, who had never seen such people. The ladies on the streets are all closely veiled, but in some of the carriages I caught sight through the windows, of elegantly attired and beautiful women, without veils.

On the streets of Cairo, may be seen all manner of Oriental costumes. I never wearied looking at them. One day we visited the Mosque of Kait-Bey, one of the most beautiful and richly decorated mosques in Cairo. At the door, an attendant put slippers over our boots, as no one is allowed to walk in off the street.

The people who go in to worship wash their feet in the courtyard, where a fountain stands, with stone basins for their use. Inside the mosque, the floors were covered with thick soft carpet; there were no seats, the worshippers stand or kneel on the floor. The windows were in the great dome, and were of stained glass and shed a beautiful soft light. The pulpit was very high from the floor, the rails and sides of the stairway were inlaid with ebony and pearl, very costly and rich.

The tombs of the Caliphs, or Kings, were our next attraction. These were built of stone and looked like small mosques, with high dome-shaped roofs, with stained glass windows in the domes. The floors were carpeted with soft thick carpet, the monuments stand along the middle of the floor, and are

about twenty feet high, and about ten feet long and perhaps six feet wide, built of alabaster and gilded with gold and colors. At each end of these tombs there is a high slab or pillar with the Egyptian cap on the top of it, if it is the tomb of a king; if it is the tomb of a Queen there would be a crown.

The rich people of the Mohammedans have their burial places roofed in, their dead are wrapped in linen when put in the grave; they use no coffins. The poor have a stone covering over their graves, somewhat like a packing box with a high slab at each end. Some are made with a hollow post on the top to hold water and flowers. The cemeteries look hot, no trees nor any green thing: nothing but sand. We saw a Mohammedan funeral one day passing the hotel; there were about fifty men with white turbans on their heads, long white gowns; they were singing some low chant, then four men came carrying a bier on their shoulders, with a body on it, covered with a green cloth, (their sacred color.) Behind the bier some donkeys with women on their backs, covered with black shawls. I suppose those were members of the family; behind those, many other people. Today we went with our guide, a handsome Egyptian, looking so spic and span in a white linen suit with red fez cap, his name was Hassan; we drove over the beautiful bridge which spans the Nile, near the city;

the bridge seemed to be a very long one and very wide; there was a draw in the middle of it, which was open when we happened along; there were a great many vessels passing through; it is opened for traffic, one hour in the morning and one in the afternoon, so we were told; the bridge itself is a fine structure; at each end there are pedestals supporting huge stone lions, one on either side.

Our drive to the Pyramids was ten or twelve miles along a lovely shady road with trees meeting overhead all the way. The road was quite level all the way, that far, then we came near the hills, where some of the Pyramids stand; at the base of the hills we left the carriage and were provided with camels to ride up to the Pyramids, a distance of about a mile. The road was quite steep from where the carriage stopped, and the day was too hot for us to walk, so we had the novelty of riding on camels. But I must say I was very glad when I got down from my high horse. The camel kneels down for his rider to mount; to me it was an awful sensation, when he began to get on his feet, his back seemed a long way from the ground. I don't think people who ride much on camels, suffer from indigestion for they most certainly do get a great shaking up.

Each of our camels had a driver walking beside him, but there were many others, boys and men, in our rear, running to beg

from us when we got down; they were a perfect nuisance. Arriving at the top of the hill, we rode past the Pyramids, on to where the Sphinx stands. It is hewn out of the solid rock; it looks like an animal lying down, with paws stretched in front, and has a man's face. It is very ugly but still, it is wonderful; it was made some thousands of years B. C. After having our pictures taken, sitting on our camels, we dismounted and went down into the temple of the Sphinx, a place once used to embalm the dead before burial. The ancient burial place around the Sphinx is long ago covered up in the sand.

The sand is ever drifting when the wind blows, just like our snow in storms, forming banks of great height. Beginning to feel tired and hungry, we had to again go through the ordeal of mounting our camels. We went to the Mena Hotel, and had a good dinner. Then, Mr. Simmonds and a friend went up to the Pyramid of Cheops. I wandered around the lovely gardens of the hotel, and looked at the beautiful shrubs and flowers. Then I walked up to the Pyramid in time to see the folks coming down. Climbing up for about five hundred feet over great stones, made them very tired. The day was very hot. After we had rested a while we went down to our carriage and drove back to Cairo. The drive was lovely, through the

long avenue of trees, and there was a nice cool breeze blowing. We saw many queer sights as we drove along. We saw men driving flocks of goats home from the pasture to be milked like cows; they were queer looking goats, brown in color and had long flapping ears, and odd looking faces. I always thought that I could not drink goat's milk, but since we have been travelling, I have had to drink it. In Gibraltar they drive the goats from door to door, and milk as much as the people need from them; that way at least they are sure of fresh milk. One morning we went for a walk in a park quite near the hotel. We saw many rare flowers, and such wonderful trees, some of the trees had long fruit hanging on boughs, that looked like vegetable marrow, squash; others were loaded with fruit that looked like apples; but they were hard as stones, some of the climbing vines were covered with beautiful flowers. I have never seen dates in any other country to compare with the Egyptian dates, both in size and flavor; they were served on the table just as they came off the tree, and were just fine. There were many funny things to see from the hotel veranda, such as venders of all kinds of beads and stuff. One fellow came along with a bag under his arm, and tipped out the contents on the side walk; what was my surprise to see a mass of snakes, some began at

once to coil themselves into a round mat with their heads in the centre, and raised something like a wee fan at each side of their heads; they just remained perfectly quiet, only kept their heads turning when the man was fixing the others. He had a small alligator around his neck, which he took off and made hold some of the snakes that were trying to slip away; of course, when he had trained them for a while he came with his cap for money. Another strange sight to me was that of the money changers, sitting on the sidewalk with tables full of money, which was very handy sometimes, when one wanted to change a note for small cash. Mathew, the disciple, was a money changer.

Monday, Oct. 26th. We left Cairo this morning for Port Said, where we arrived in the afternoon and took another steamer for Jaffa. The night was warm, we stayed on deck till quite late. Tuesday morning we got to Jaffa about eight o'clock. After we had breakfast and had been looked at by the health officers, we went down the ladders on the side of the ship to a large row boat manned by six rowers and one to steer. Of all the harbors that I have ever seen, Jaffa takes the palm. Nothing but a mass of jagged rocks, which reach a mile from the shore; the boats have to be guided very skillfully through them; in stormy weather there is no chance of landing, and the steamer has

to lie off some time, we were told, for two weeks; so we were very fortunate to have a fine day for landing. It is rather odd that a port where steamers have been going for thousands of years, should have no wharves or at least a channel cut to allow vessels to get nearer the city; all merchandise and passengers have to be transferred to small boats to be landed.

After landing we went to the hotel Jerusalem, small but clean, and good fare. I noticed that the bedroom doors instead of being numbered had the names of the patriarchs on them. After resting and seeing about our trip, we hired a new guide. He brought a carriage and drove us around the city: a dirty place it was, with streets so narrow that it was with difficulty we could pass another team. We drove outside the city through beautiful orange and date groves, to the place where Peter brought Dorcas to life. We also saw her tomb, a very handsome one; afterwards we went to the house of Simon, the tanner, where St. Peter had his wonderful vision of the sheet let down from heaven (the 10th chapt., Acts of the Apostles, 9th verse).

We went up a stone stairway on the side of the house to a flat roof. Nearly all the houses have flat roofs, with a wall about three feet higher than the roof, which gives a little shade sometime in the day. As I

stood there, I wondered which corner St. Peter occupied, while waiting for the people down stairs to prepare something for him to eat. After dreaming a while, I picked some hyssop off the wall and went down to the yard. We had a drink of ice cold water, drawn from a very deep well, in a goat skin bag. We also saw in the yard a large stone trough, said to be the one Simon used for tanning his skins. It looked ancient enough to be the very one.

Driving through the market, we saw heaps of grapes, dates, tomatoes, and other kinds of fruit we had never seen before. The Jaffa oranges are said to be the best in the world; they have a very green rind, and I thought they were unripe, but when they were cut we found them seedless, and so juicy and the flavor surpassed any that I ever tasted.

Most of the traffic is carried on with donkeys and mules, and camels, as the streets are too narrow for vehicles. The women nearly all were closely veiled. I wonder how they can wear thick veils in such a warm city.

We went from Jaffa to Jerusalem by train, a distance of fifty-three miles. For half an hour or so, the route was through orange, lemon, pomegranate, and other fruit gardens; emerging from the gardens we came into the plain of Sharon. It ex-



tends from Jaffa to Carmel, and the Mediterranean. It was celebrated for its fertility and being suitable as pasture; beautiful flowers grow everywhere.

It is interesting to remember that this has been the great thoroughfare to Jerusalem in all ages; some of the cedar wood and other material for the temple were carried along this road. Prophets and apostles have passed across this flowery plain. We saw many places as we passed along, that are mentioned in the Bible, as Lydda, Ramleh, Hazor, etc. Just at sunset we came in sight of Jerusalem; in a few more minutes we were at the station, amid the clamor of men wanting to carry our baggage; our guide had a carriage ready for us and in a few minutes we were off to the hotel, inside the walls. The hotel was just inside the Jaffa gate; the street there is wide enough for carriages, all the other streets are very narrow, and some are terraced. We were met at the door of the hotel by smiling waiters and shown to our rooms. The hotel stands on Zion hill, with the tower of David just across the street; from the balcony outside our window, we could see the Mount of Olives, the Temple site, and from the roof we could see the whole city; it is a large city, and is surrounded by high hills, "As the hills stand round about Jerusalem

even so standeth the Lord round about his people." Psalm 125.

It seemed strange to wake up next morning and find ourselves in Jerusalem. After breakfast we were taken to see Calvary, the place where the Lord was crucified. The place is now covered by a large church, (if it is the very place, which is doubtful.)

However, first we entered a large paved courtyard, thence into a place of four chapels, one for the Greeks, one for the Latins, one for the Armenians, and one for the Copts. As we entered the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, we first saw the Unction Stone, a long table of marble, where the Lord's body was prepared for burial. Further along was the tomb, with an altar built over it, and enclosed by high walls with roof, and curtained door; lamps burn continually on the altar, and people are going in to pray all the time. Beside the door is part of the stone the Angels rolled away from the Lord's grave. It is set in a block of marble to keep people from breaking pieces off it. I might say we were shown the whole stone in the house of Caiaphas afterwards. We were also shown the true one in a cathedral in Rome.

We were shown also where the three crosses were set up, the stone on which the Lord sat, when he was set at naught and mocked; also the place where Mary and

John stood, when Jesus said: "Woman, behold thy son; son, behold thy Mother."

We drove over to Bethlehem, which is about six miles from Jerusalem. On our way we saw the well where the Magi stopped to rest on their way to Bethlehem. Farther along we got out of the carriage, to see the tomb of Rachel. She was the favorite wife of Jacob. She died by the road side, on their journey from Bethel to Bethlehem. There is a small domed shrine built over her grave.

Arriving at Bethlehem, we were taken into the church built over the manger. We were very fortunate in our time of visiting. The Latins were holding a service and we were permitted to be present. There were ten monks with brown garments, hoods over their heads, cord and tassel around their waists; three priests in red cloaks with wide white lace trimmings, two altar boys, also dressed in red, each one carried a book and a lighted candle, and chanted the service from the chapel down a flight of stone steps to the manger, where they all fell on their knees and chanted their prayers, one priest swung the incense lamp around and filled the place with smoke. It was all very solemn. I was glad that we happened to be there at that time. After their devotions were over they all walked away in file, and we looked at the manger. It is cut out of the solid

rock, the trough where the cattle used to eat will always be there, and the place close by where the Saviour was born. To us it seemed a very solemn place.

We saw a Turkish soldier with his rifle on his arm; we asked why he was there, and were told that the Greeks, Latins and Copts, who all have a share in the Church of the Nativity, are continually quarreling, so there must be soldiers always on guard to keep order. The church steps in Jerusalem seem to be the place for beggars; they sit there all day long with tin cups in their hands, holding them out for money.

The streets of Jerusalem are very narrow and paved with small stones, very tiresome to walk on. There are no carriages or teams on the streets, except just inside the Jaffa gate, where the New Grand Hotel stands. Some of the streets are terraced, but the little donkeys trot up and down them, with their great loads on their backs, just as if they were level.

In the old part of the city, the shops are rather odd, they have no windows, just a wide door that pushes up, and the buyer stands on the doorstep. Near the hotel there are a few very nice shops, where they sell elegant goods of all kinds. If a stranger is seen by the proprietor passing a store, he will send some one at once, to ask you to come in, just to see his goods. So once in,

they make you buy. Some of the streets are very gloomy; as you walk along between high walls, perhaps a door will open in one of them, and you will get a glimpse of a courtyard with a fountain and lovely palms and flowers. The houses have no windows low down by the street; there are a few up high. There are all kinds of Oriental costumes worn in Jerusalem, some of them very rich looking.

One morning we arose very early, our guide came with a carriage and three horses to take us down to Jericho. The morning was lovely and not too warm; after passing out of the city a short distance, we stopped and went into the Church of the Virgin Mary; we went down a long wide flight of stone steps, and were shown the tomb of Joseph; down more steps we came into a chapel. At one side was the tomb of Mary with an altar built over it; although it was very early in the morning, the chapel was filled with pilgrims who had come a great distance, to worship. After their prayers, they had the most beautiful singing I ever listened to, but being in a foreign tongue, I could not understand the words.

Outside on the steps there was a row of lepers, begging, some holding up their hands, with no fingers, some with part of their feet off, and all with frightfully scarred faces, and sore eyes, a most shocking

sight. They beseech one in the most heart-rending voices for alms. A little farther on we came to the garden of Gethsemane, and saw the place where Christ prayed in agony, just before Judas and the rabble came upon him, and the place where the disciples fell asleep while the Lord prayed. Close by the Kedron, in the valley of Jehoshaphat, we saw Absalom's pillar; also the tombs of Zechariah, and St. James.

Going down to Jericho, some of the hills were so steep that we had to hold fast to the carriage to keep from being thrown out. After a long zigzag drive, we came to the Apostles' well, a spring of excellent water, with a nice stone roof over it, to keep the water clean. We got out of the carriage, and had a drink of it. A few miles farther on we stopped at the Inn of the Good Samaritan; had a drink of lemonade and bought some post cards; as we drove farther along we saw the cave of Elijah, where he was fed by ravens, when he fled from Ahab and Jezebel.

At one place we saw a shepherd with a great flock of sheep; they were drinking at a pool, which was built around with stone, a space of about fifty feet square.

The sheep went down a path over the bank of the pool and drank, a long line of them; as they finished they walked out at a low place and others came in, all in the

most perfect order. Another shepherd was putting his sheep into their fold; he walked on, and the whole great flock followed him and as close together as they could walk. Some places by the roadside there would be spaces cut in the overhanging rocks, for weary folks to rest in out of the fierce rays of the sun, which must be a great comfort, as there are no trees in that wilderness of rocks. After many sharp turns, and steep hills, we arrived at Jericho, which once was called the city of palm trees, now for the most part only a few mounds and ruins remain of proud Jericho. There are a few buildings near the ancient site of Jericho and close to the spring of bitter water, which Elisha healed and made sweet, were some luxuriant gardens, with lovely palm trees, and fruit; the name of the place is called Riha. A few houses and a small hotel make up all the buildings to be seen. The hotel was very clean and the people who kept it very nice.

I shall never forget the beautiful moonlight at Jericho, so clear, we could see almost as well as in the daytime. There were some lovely trees in the courtyard of the hotel, one in particular called jessamine; the leaves looked like wax, and the blossoms like white stars; they are beautiful in the moonlight. From the hotel Bellevue, we drove about ten miles to the Dead Sea. The

road was good, but some places sandy, which was very tiresome for the horses, (none of the best.) They were yoked, three abreast, the middle one had a hard time of it, from the heat of the other two, but there was no let-up from the driver.

The Dead Sea is surrounded by high mountains on three sides, which seem to rise from its brink. They are the mountains of Gilead and Moab. On one side the river Jordan empties its waters into the Dead Sea. The Dead Sea is twenty five hundred feet lower than Jerusalem. It looked very pretty and solemn, too, there among the high hills. Some say that Sodom and Gomorrah are sunk beneath the Dead Sea. The Jordan flows swiftly into the sea, and the fishes that come down in the waters die at once; we saw many lying dead on the shore.

As we walked along the shore the wind was blowing quite a bit, which made a beautiful surf, as it broke in white foam on the shore. I dipped my hands in it, and found it was soft and soapy. The water tasted very salt and bitter. All the bushes near the shore were covered with salt.

We next drove about two miles to the Jordan, to the place where St. John baptized the Lord Jesus. It is in a bend of the river, the water was deep and clear, with lovely tamarisk trees drooping over the



banks. From the Dead Sea to Jericho is one vast sandy plain with a few thorn trees here and there. We saw some other visitors by the river, but did not meet them again.

The day was far spent when we arrived back to Jericho. After a good supper and sitting out for a while under the vines and flowers, we went to our room. Looking down from the window we could see a great number of camels in a yard nearby, resting for the night. Very early in the morning they were off, with their heavy loads, for many long miles. It was nice to hear their little bells tinkling in the night. In the morning we started back to Jerusalem; every step of the way was interesting. In fancy I could see the walls of Jericho falling to the ground as Joshua and his men surrounded it, and the plain where the five kings hid from Joshua, in a cave. (And Joshua said, roll great stones upon the mouth of the cave and set men by it for to keep them. — Joshua 10th Chapt., 15 verse.)

On the way we stopped at Bethany and saw where Martha and Mary and Lazarus had lived, part of the house is still standing; all the houses there are built of stone, that is the reason they have lasted so long.

Then we went to the tomb of Lazarus, down ten or twelve steps; saw the place cut in the wall, where the body had lain. It

made me feel very solemn to stand there, where the Lord had stood, and I thought of the joy of those sisters when their brother came forth, not even sick, but quite well.

Next day we went to the place where the once beautiful Temple of Solomon stood. Now a Mohammedan mosque stands in its place. Upon going into the mosque we had to have other shoes put on over our own, as no one is allowed to enter in shoes worn on the street.

The interior of the mosque is somewhat gloomy. It has two cloisters separated by an octagonal course of piers and columns. Within this again is another circle of four piers and twelve Corinthian columns, which support the great dome. The thirty-six stained glass windows are of great beauty, and date from the fifteenth century. The arches are covered with glass mosaics, over which are inscribed portions of the Koran. The dome is ninety-eight feet high and seventy-five feet in diameter.

The sacred rock is immediately beneath the dome. It is a bare unhewn rock about sixty feet long and forty-five feet wide, a high iron grille incloses the dome of the rock. It is here that Abraham offered up his son Isaac, and also where the Ark of the Covenant stood. We went down steps into a cave below the rock where we were

shown the praying places of King David and King Solomon.

Under the temple site we saw King Solomon's stables, very vast indeed. It must have been a wonderful sight, when horses and chariots filled them.

We next went to the pool of Bethesda, where the angel came down and troubled the water, and whoever first went down was healed of his sickness.

We were shown the tomb of David, which was a large structure of stone, covered by green satin tapestry, richly embroidered with gold. Adjoining the tomb, is the Chamber of the Last Supper; it is a large room about fifty feet long by thirty wide, with a vaulted roof. If it really is the very room where our Saviour met with his disciples, it is indeed a holy place. The place where the table stood and where the Lord sat is pointed out to visitors, even if it is all supposition. Still it gives one a feeling of reverence to be in that room.

We went to see the Jews' wailing place, by the wall of the temple, a part of the original wall of the temple; it seemed to be a court about a hundred yards long and perhaps ten wide, the walls on each side. There the Jews assemble every Friday afternoon, to pray for the restoration of the temple. They read portions of the Psalms, then they sway their bodies back and forth

and weep, and kiss that part of the wall which formerly belonged to the temple. They seemed so sincere in their devotions, that it didn't seem right to even smile. Some of the Rabbis did look rather queer, they wore long crimson velvet gowns, velvet caps and little corkscrew curls by their ears.

Another day we went to see the tombs of the Kings of Jerusalem, out of the city a few miles. Arriving there we went down a very wide flight of steps, thirty in all, cut in the solid rock; then into a large courtyard on one side of which was a row of tanks cut in the rock for catching the rain water; the water was used for washing and preparing the dead for burial. Another court opening out of the first one, had many doors opening into passages where the tombs were.

These passages had shelves cut along the sides for receiving the coffins, which are placed inside and then a stone slab put in front and sealed. Some of those vaults would hold several bodies.

One day we drove to the Mount of Olives, about two miles from the city, a very winding road, to make it easier of ascent. On the top of the mount there is a Greek church. I think it is called the Church of the Ascension. In a pretty court, set round with pillars, we saw on the walls, the Lord's Prayer, in twenty-six different languages; we walked down the mount quite a distance, and

stood under the olive trees, and I wondered if the Lord had stood in that very same place; and I thought how tired he was, some of those hot days, when he went there for a rest; and I felt that I must be dreaming, just to think of *me*, standing on the Mount of Olives!

The olive trees, most of them, were so bent and full of lumps, and looked so old that really they may be some of those which were there when Jesus fed the thousands of hungry people.

I was told that the olive tree never dies, that when one part dies a new shoot comes up.

Sunday morning we went to Divine Service in Christ Church on Zion hill. We were sorry to leave Jerusalem so soon, for there is so much to see; but as we wanted to get home by Christmas, we had to hurry, and see all that we possibly could. We went to Jaffa by train, from there by steamer to Haifa, and went to the hotel Carmel. The town is built at the base of Mount Carmel, on the bay of Acre. Next day we drove up the steep side of Carmel, a thousand feet above the sea, to see the cave of Elijah.

It is not a very large cave, but would hold about twenty people. There is now a Roman Catholic church built over the top of it, and close by a monastery, where some thirty

monks live. They looked hale and hearty, and were very nice in showing us the sights.

On another part of Carmel, we saw where Elijah offered up the sacrifice, when the fire came down from heaven and consumed it; and where he prayed for rain, and the little cloud appeared as big as a man's hand, but which soon spread over the whole sky, and rain poured down in torrents.

We went down on the sandy shore of the Bay of Acre, beside the lovely Mediterranean, where we saw heaps of pretty sea shells. Some were dark blue, from which dye is made. As we journeyed from Carmel to Nazareth, we crossed the river Kishon, where Elijah slew the prophets of Baal. We passed along by the plain of Jezreel, where Jael's tent stood when she drove the nail of the tent into the temple of Sisera while he slept.

The drive to Nazareth was very interesting. We had three horses and a nice carriage and a good driver. The distance from Mount Carmel to Nazareth is about thirty miles. The road was real good; it wound around the sides of mountains and along beautiful level plains, which stretched as far as the eye could reach.

We met many caravans of camels and donkeys carrying loads of grain to Haifa; along the roadside were thousands of lovely purple crocuses, and other beautiful

flowers; we passed by the village of Shunem, where Elisha brought the little boy to life; also Nain, where Jesus and his disciples met the funeral of the young man, the only son of his mother, and she a widow. Jesus came and touched the bier and they that bare him stood still, and he said: "Young man, I say unto thee, arise; and he that was dead sat up." What joy for that sorrowing mother!

Arriving in Nazareth we put up at the hotel Germania, had lunch and went out to see the city. It is a very pretty city, surrounded by high hills. We were shown where the holy family had lived, and the room where the angel appeared to Mary. The house is cut in the solid rock, like many others; the rooms were not large but seemed very comfortable. Most of those sacred places are built over with churches. There seemed to be only one place in Nazareth to get water. I think it is a spring; it is roofed over and has a spout or tap; all the women of the town go there for water, with large jugs; some carry them on their heads, and some on their shoulders. I asked one of the women to let me have a drink; she at once gave me a pint of the water which was ice cold and excellent; there were a great many women and children getting water, the men don't carry water. In fancy I could see the gentle Mary walking along

with her jug on her shoulder and the little Christ child, toddling along beside her, just as others did today.

After spending a few days in Nazareth, we went on to Tiberias, some few miles from Nazareth. We came to Cana of Galilee. We were taken into a Greek church, where we were shown two large water pots, said to be two of the six which were used at the marriage feast where Jesus turned the water into wine. They may have been of the very ones. One was in good condition, the other one was very much cracked; they seemed to be cut out of solid stone and looked to be very heavy; however they were well worth seeing, and I am glad that we did see them.

Cana of today is a very small dusty poor looking place. The drive on to Tiberias was very enjoyable, about twenty miles up the sides of high mountains, around many sharp turns, then down, down, again by many zigzag ways, until we came near the sea of Galilee.

Coming from Nazareth we saw the Mount where Christ was transfigured before his disciples, and Mount Gilboa, where King Saul and his son Jonathan fell in battle; on another hill pointed out to us we saw the tomb of Jonah, the prophet.

Quite near the sea of Galilee we saw the Mount of Beatitudes, where Christ gave the



Sermon on the Mount. It is quite by the roadside; our carriage stopped for us to see the place; it is a rather low hill, with two peaks, called the Horns of Hattin.

As we gazed on this grassy hill, in fancy I saw the five thousand sitting around on the grass and stones, being fed by the loving Master. The mount is not far from the lake of Gennesaret, a lovely place to go to get cool air.

Just below the plain where the mount stands, over a steep ridge, we suddenly came to the lake, or sea of Galilee, looking like a drop of dew in the green hills. It looked small among the high hills, but it is not very small; its length is twelve miles and breadth six or over. The Jordan flows into it at one end and out at the other, so the water is good coming down from icy Hermon. We went to the hotel Tiberias, where we were treated very kindly.

We hired a boat and men to row us over the lake to Capernaum, once a beautiful city, now only a few heaps of stones. It is sad to think of all the cities which once stood around the sea of Galilee, there is only Tiberias left, and it is the most filthy place I have ever seen. There were a great many camels in the yard by the hotel. I went to look at them, they are sad looking animals, the best of them, but I did not wonder that they looked sad; some were

thin and tired looking, one in particular I felt sorry for, it must have had its halter put on when it was quite young, and left on, for the buckles were embedded in its flesh. The S. P. C. could get good work in, if there was such a society there.

One morning very early, about four o'clock, we arose to go to Damascus. I looked out of my window over the lake but could see nothing but black darkness.

By the time we had dressed and had breakfast, daylight had come, and we went down to the shore to the boat which was to take us to the foot of the lake to a place called Samach. We had about eight miles to go but had a large boat with a very large sail, and beside six men to row; there was very little wind so the men had to row the whole way.

As we went down the sea of Galilee many places of interest were pointed out by our guide.

One place, the country of the Gadarenes, where the man came from among the tombs, possessed with devils exceedingly fierce. Jesus cast out the devils and sent them into the herd of swine, which ran down the steep bank and perished in the water.

As we went down the lake, or sea, the sun arose over the mountains and sent a long shimmer of brightness across the

water. I thought I had never seen such a beautiful sunrise; I shall never forget it.

Far away on the shore we could see long caravans of camels, trudging along with their heavy burdens, their drivers behind riding on donkeys.

After leaving the boat we went through the village of Samach, a miserable and wretched place, the houses nearly all made of mud; we had to wait for the train quite a while and I was glad when it came along.

The ride in the train was very enjoyable, through beautiful scenery, high mountains and deep valleys; by lovely oleanders with their great bunches of bloom, castor-oil trees, wild sugar cane, etc., we went through miles and miles of them.

The high mountains sometimes right by the window of the car, full of dents and seams, made a beautiful sight, and looked like so many grand castles; part of the way was over a sandy desert.

We arrived in Damascus late in the afternoon. I was very tired and after having a good dinner, I went soon to bed. The hotel Victoria is a very good hotel, beautifully clean, cuisine excellent; they have the sweetest and largest grapes there that I ever saw; some were nearly as large as crab apples. Our guide took us to see a Mohammedan mosque, where John the Baptist is buried. I could not help wondering if they had got

his head from Herod, or if he was buried without it.

The tomb stood in the middle of the floor; it was a very costly tomb of marble and gold, very beautiful to see. This mosque of which I speak is called the Great Mosque and is said to be built on the site of the Temple of Rimmon, the god worshipped by the Assyrians spoken of in 2, Kings, in the Bible. We went up in one of the minarets, 160 steps, where we had a splendid view of the city and the lovely gardens, a perfect fairy land, elegant dwellings with marble courts, fountains and palms and gorgeous flowers, and all around the bristling minarets of mosques.

In the Great Mosque the pulpit, which is very high, having as many as fifteen steps, is cased in, and has a door at the bottom step; all the casing is inlaid with tortoise shell and mother of pearl, very beautiful. On either side of the pulpit there is a half circular place in the wall about six feet wide and perhaps twelve feet high, inlaid also with tortoise shell and pearl. These are called prayer places; the sheiks pray there; the people kneel on the floor. The floor is covered with rich thick carpet, so soft that you cannot hear a footstep. We had slippers put on over our boots before we were allowed to go in. The people who go in to worship must first wash their feet at the

fountain in the courtyard. We were taken to see the tomb of Saladin, the Saracen general who conquered the crusaders. We visited a large manufacturing place where all manner of beautiful gold, silver, and brass work was done. The manager told us he employed five hundred hands, a great many were boys and girls not more than twelve years old. They are very clever at this work but it did seem too bad to see these children working who should be in school. When the master's back was turned every hand was stretched out to us for backsheesh.

From the factory we went through the street, that is called Straight, spoken of in the Act of the Apostles, and saw the place where St. Paul was let down over the wall in a basket. We were also in the house of Ananias where the scales fell off St. Paul's eyes.

Some of the bazaars are very fine; they are in streets roofed over with glass; some of the stores are very large; we were always met at the shop doors by some man who would invite us very politely to come in just to see their goods, *not to buy, ah no!*

But once you go in and they show heaps of lovely things, it is hard to get out without buying.

One very fine store we went into, we were handed chairs to sit down; then a dainty

tray of coffee was brought to us, served in such bewitching little cups. After we had sipped our coffee, we were shown the most beautiful silk goods that I had even seen, and some Turkish carpets, which had come from the Sultan's palace; so soft and lovely, they looked too good to walk on, and would have made beautiful pictures if they had been framed.

One of the sights was a grand oriental house. We drove along a narrow street which had a very high wall on one side. Our guide opened a door in the wall and took us into a beautiful palace. First there was a courtyard, or room without a roof; there was a fountain and a great basin full of pretty fish, some red colored, some gold; lovely palms and flowers, a perch with a large handsome parrot sitting on it, the long feathers in its tail reaching the ground. I said: "Polly, can you talk?" but she only blinked her eyes at me and wondered who I was. I asked the man who showed us through if the parrot could talk, he said, "Oh, yes," but she speaks in Arabic, so that was why she didn't know what I said. She didn't understand English! The house itself was something to see; divans, chairs, tables, stands, all inlaid with tortoise shell and pearl, were of the most elegant make; the rugs on the floors, like softest velvet. I cannot enumerate the lovely things that

were there, nor do justice in describing them. I could only gaze at their magnificence and gasp. I began to think that this must be Aladdin's palace sure enough. Some of these rooms had an open side next this place where the fountain was. I thought how fine and restful to lie off on one of these divans, with a nice book, and the music of the fountain along side. The river Abana was quite near the hotel Victoria, and Pharpar farther away. These rivers branch off into many streams and irrigate the land for miles and miles; they have their origin in a cave, from whence the water rushes with great force, dashing over the rocks. These are the rivers which Naaman the leper thought better than all the waters of Israel, 2d Kings V.12.

Today we are leaving Damascus to go to Ba'albek. I wish we could have stayed longer in Damascus, there was so much to see; the luxuriant gardens, luscious fruit and beautiful flowers, were a perfect delight. We reached Ba'albek about three o'clock in the afternoon after a very interesting ride in the train, through rugged and grand scenery, great mountains and verdant plains. Ba'albek is the Heliopolis of the Greeks and Romans, celebrated for its sun worship in the Temple of the sun god, which was one of the wonders of the world, a building which at one time covered thirteen

acres. It must have been a magnificent structure when it was complete. It was two hundred years in building. The great Temple of the Sun is now a mass of ruins. Entering the ruins we came into a large court seventy yards wide by eighty long. A handsome portal led from this into the great court about a hundred and fifty yards long and by a hundred and twenty-five yards wide.

Originally there were seventeen columns on either side of the Temple, and ten at either end, fifty-four in all, the building enclosed by them being two hundred and ninety feet long, by a hundred and sixty broad; now only five columns remain standing, they are about seventy five feet in height and six feet in diameter, all around there are masses of broken columns.

All the masonry of the outer wall is prodigious in its dimensions, but the most wonderful is the western wall, where are three stones of enormous size; one stone measures sixty-four feet long, another sixty-three feet eight inches, and a third sixty-three feet. Each is thirteen feet high. They are placed in the wall at a height of twenty feet from the ground. How they were hauled and raised, is a problem no one can answer, the largest one is said to weigh something like ten hundred tons.

Some of the marble cornices had exquisite



carving on them, and strange to say the great pillars and blocks were just as white and beautiful as if they were just cut. After leaving the ruins we passed by the quarries from whence the great stones used for the platform of the Temple of the Sun were quarried. There is one gigantic stone still lying where it was left by the workmen nearly seventeen hundred years ago. It is 68 feet long, 14 high, 14 broad. It is estimated that it weighs nearly thirteen hundred tons.

Before reaching Ba'albek on the top of a high hill, we saw the tomb of Abel; it is 30 feet long. We stayed all night at the Grand Hotel at Ba'albek; in the morning we had to drive quite a distance to the train; on our way to Beyrout, the journey was about sixty miles, but it was very interesting; the greater part was a climb up the steep mountains of Lebanon. Nearly all the way we passed by beautiful vineyards, and saw many villages down on the plains below us; up on the mountains we saw many shepherds with their flocks of sheep and goats, some places we saw camel and donkey caravans, wending their way along the mountain track, with their heavy burdens; their fierce looking drivers, with turbaned heads and long flowing garments, hurrying them along; they are very cruel to their beasts, loading

them heavily and beating them unmercifully.

At one place we saw the tomb of Noah, in a village called Kerak Nuh. The tomb measures between fifty and sixty yards in length, the men at that time must have been giants.

The road from Ba'albek to Beyrout was winding and leads by a series of zigzags to the summit of Lebanon, and then descends by another series of zigzags to Beyrout. When the summit of Lebanon is reached the scenery is delightful, fifty-six hundred feet above the sea level. Below may be seen the promontory of Beyrout, with its white houses, in the midst of beautiful green trees, while beyond is the blue Mediterranean.

As we descend toward Beyrout, every turn of the road gives glimpses of luxurious villas, beautiful gardens and orchards. Arriving we went to the Hotel d'Orient, a very nice hotel, with a sitting out parlor on the roof, where we had a fine view of the city and of the harbor, and shipping. Our dragoon brought a carriage and took us to see the sights. We saw some palatial residences, eight of them belonged to one man. It so happened that we met the gentleman and his wife and son in Damascus, they sat at table with us and seemed very fine people, (real flesh and blood,) they seemed quite pleased to meet us again.

The city of Beyrout is built on the side of one of the mountains of Lebanon. The streets around the base are very nice, but the ones that go up are very steep. I used to wonder how they ever hauled loads up. The trees, which are many, are beautiful and the flowers marvelous. In the garden of the hotel, I picked the most delicious oranges, ripe and sweet as honey, there were many kinds of fruit there.

Beyrout is a very ancient city dating farther back than the fifteenth century B. C. After spending a few pleasant days, we had to take the steamer for Constantinople. We went on board in the morning, the day was rather stormy looking, and by night quite a gale sprang up. The steamer tossed and pitched at a great rate, often the propeller would come right out of the water. I think it was the worst storm that I was ever out in. Next morning the gale was pretty well spent, and the sea looked a beautiful blue.

We passed by many islands as we neared Constantinople. I must mention a great rock which we saw standing alone, it was cone shaped, reaching a great height, it looked like a piece of masonry, it was shaped so evenly, and standing there in the sea, it looked like a lighthouse.

## TURKEY

Late one afternoon we arrived in Constantinople, the day was lovely. As we steamed up the long harbor, we had a splendid view of the great city. Built on high hills, it show off to advantage its beautiful mosques, and elegant buildings.

In the morning we drove over to Stamboul over the Galata bridge, across the Golden Horn, a very long and very broad bridge, a place where all manner of oriental costumes are to be seen, and all manner of peoples. As we were wandering around we went into the mosque of St. Sophia, a very rich and elegant one. As usual we had to put slippers on over our boots, else we could not enter. Later we went through some of the bazaars. The goods displayed for sale were the most beautiful that we had yet seen. One of the bazaars is in what was once a convent. It must have been an enormous building, for there are streets running through, all under cover.

The men in the shops were very polite and nice to us and didn't clamor for us to buy, as they did in some other cities. There are no lady attendants in the shops, the men do all the selling.

We were told that there were 250,000 dogs in Constantinople, and I think very likely it was true, for they were every-

where as many as eight in a group. They are kept to eat up all filth about the streets. They are an ugly lot, mostly black and white, short hair and short ears. After a few delightful days spent in this beautiful city, we are steaming off once more for Marseilles. This has been a lovely warm day, we walked the deck this evening and saw the sun go down, a red ball into the smooth water, and the purple mists on the far off mountains made a beautiful sight, the sky streaked with crimson and gold.

Today we are anchored in the harbor of Smyrna, will be here till tomorrow night, and will then sail for Athens. On our way to Athens the sea was rather rough, some of the passengers were sick and there were few at the tables, but we enjoyed every meal. We were only half a day at Athens, so did not have time to see a great deal of the city, but saw Mars Hill, where St. Paul stood and preached, and some other places of interest, bought some bunches of lovely violets, which kept fresh for a long time.

Nov. 23. This morning we passed through the straits of Messina. We passed quite close to the shore, where the earthquake destroyed the city a few years ago. We could see great chasms rent in the rocks and ground, houses lying in heaps, a scene of dreadful devastation. Still the people are building the city up again.

As we sailed along we had a good view of Mount Aetna. The steam was pouring out of its top and sides, and rising up in the air in clouds, a dreadful looking volcano; yet there are a number of towns quite near it.

Nov. 24. This morning was very fine and warm, but toward noon there was quite a squall which tossed the ship about a good deal and kept some of the passengers from luncheon.

Early this morning we anchored in the bay of Naples, the wind had gone down and the sea was calm. I had another look at Vesuvius, smoking away as usual. The city of Naples looked so pretty, built around the bay with lovely green hills in the background, dotted over with beautiful white stone homes and lovely gardens.

Nov. 25. We are now on our way to Marseilles, which we will reach tonight, we are passing many beautiful islands, the air is clear and warm.

We arrived in Marseilles safely and received a heap of letters. We were glad to hear from home, and to know that they were all well. After getting our traps together and saying goodbye to friends, we took the train for Monte Carlo, about five hours in the train.

The city of Monte Carlo is certainly a beautiful city, built on high hills facing the lovely blue Mediterranean. The residences

are splendid and the gardens a mass of fruit and flowers, an ideal spot.

We went into the Casino to see the people gambling, the long tables were all occupied, and the heaps of gold were a sight to be remembered. We saw one young man lose four thousand dollars. He got up from the table with a very white face and went out, another man put one gold piece down and won one more, he seemed quite pleased and went away smiling.

After we had walked through the different rooms and watched the play, we went to a hotel and had tea. After resting for a while we took the train for Paris. Next day we left for Liverpool, where our passage was booked, in the Hesperian, a very fine boat. We had a suite of rooms and bath, very elegant. We met some very nice people on board, which made the homeward voyage very pleasant.

We arrived safely home, glad to see everybody, and they to see us, and I thought the day I got home was the very best day of all. *Home is where the heart is.*











